Saturday Review

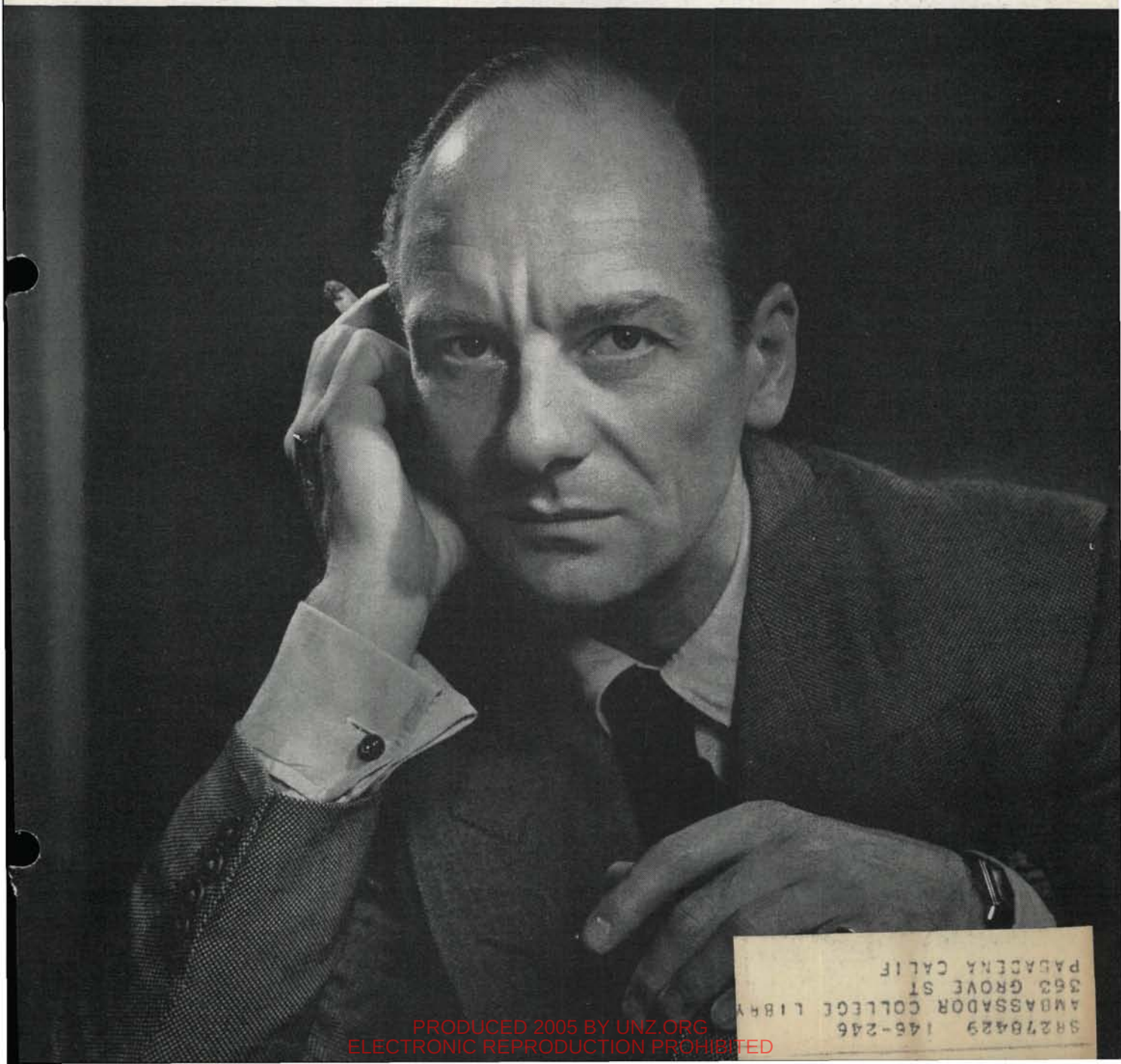
DECEMBER 27, 1958 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

HOFFNUNG DOES IT AGAIN By Thomas Heinitz

BOOKS: '58 By Granville Hicks and David Dempsey

Sir John Gielgud, making his return to Broadway (SEE THEATRE) PHOTO BY KARSH



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first things first

How well we keep the world's *peace* depends first on how well we keep the world's *people.*

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Now 19 Specialized United Nations agencies and international organizations work around the world to eliminate these inequalities, to diminish these basic causes of wars.

Their activities...plus the more publicized political discussions...make the United Nations *mankind's last great instrument of survival.*

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Saturday Review

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The more they know about Scotch, the more they'll like Ballantine's

"21" Brands, Inc. N. Y. C. 86 PROOF

ALSO IMPORTERS OF 94.4 PROOF **BALLANTINE'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN** DISTILLED FROM GRAIN

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TRADE Winds

PUBLISHERS ARE a voluble, articulate, and prolix group. If they weren't, they'd hardly be worthy of the name. Dealing in the tangled world of word-smithing, words are their only stock-in-trade. For the second year in a row, we approached them gingerly to get the latest, hottest, and most significant news for a compressed forecast of their forthcoming lists.

Only one book was permitted each publisher. (But we have so *many* on our new list!) Only twenty words were allowed. (But how can we tell you all about a book in that many words!) Only one author was permitted to be mentioned. (But we have so *many* good authors coming up!)

STARTING, for no particular reason, with Appleton-Century-Crofts, we launch our forecast with:

SURE TO DISPEL THE NEW YEAR'S APATHY IS ELEAZAR LIPSKY'S "THE SCIENTIST." A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH SELECTION PUBLISHED JANUARY 26.

Next on the list is Bobbs-Merrill, who are more than happy about an early spring publication:

JAMES RHODES AND DEAN JAUCHIUS TELL STORY OF PRESIDENT'S WIDOW UNJUSTLY CONVICTED OF INSANITY: "THE TRIAL OF MARY TODD LINCOLN."

Dial Press, always imaginative and enthusiastic, have this to say:

FIRST BIG 1959 BOOK; BRAWLING, BOISTEROUS, BAWDY NOVEL OF IRISH FAMILY IN JERSEY CITY: EDWARD MANNIX'S "AN END TO FURY."

Dutton is headlining a book which is sure to cause more than a ripple in Washington:

ADMIRAL RICKOVER'S "EDUCATION AND FREEDOM" COMING JANUARY 30. IMPORTANT, EXPLOSIVE. SHOWS HOW SHORTCOMINGS OF OUR SCHOOLS THREATEN NATIONAL SECURITY.

Duell, Sloan and Pearce in a burst of justifiable enthusiasm overstepped the bounds very slightly:

OVERWHELMING BOOKSTORE INTEREST IN (*title censored by Trade-Winds because they are permitted only one title*) EQUALED ONLY BY ENTHUSIASM FOR HELEN TRAUBEL'S "ST. LOUIS WOMAN."

Doubleday, one of the giants of publishing, is hard put to pick a single headliner, but their choice is apt:

MAUGHAM'S "POINTS OF VIEW." AUTHOR SAYS IT'S HIS LAST. MAUGHAM KNOWN TO EVERY LITERATE MAN, WOMAN, AND CHILD ON EARTH.

Farrar, Straus and Cudahy single out an important probe into the ill-famed Black Hand:

FREDERIC SONDERN, JR., REVEALS THE SINISTER WORKINGS BEHIND SPECTACULAR CRIMES IN "BROTHERHOOD OF EVIL: THE MAFIA," COMING FEBRUARY 20.

Coward-McCann would have us know that history is in for the making and remaking with:

PREDICT BEST SELLER IN ELIZABETH JENKIN'S MAJOR BIOGRAPHY "ELIZABETH THE GREAT." ALREADY BRITISH HIT AND MARCH BOOK-OF-MONTH. COMING FEBRUARY 26.

John Day reminds us that an exciting new Pearl Buck is in the wind:

MAJOR PEARL BUCK NOVEL COMING THIS SPRING "COMMAND IN THE MORNING." DRAMA OF SCIENTISTS' HUMAN DILEMMAS IN U. S. TODAY.

Dodd, Mead is talking about a new treat coming up, with full pun intended:

"IN FRANCE IT WAS SPRING" BY IDA TREAT: A NEW YORKER WRITER'S CHRONICLE OF LIFE WITH HER FRENCH MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Harper is losing no time in highlighting their new prizewinner:

OUR HAPPY NEW YEAR BEGINS WITH PUBLICATION OF $10,000 PRIZE NOVEL, ROBIN WHITE'S "ELEPHANT HILL," CHOSEN FROM 830 CONTEST ENTRIES.

And Hawthorn Books is quick to let us know:

"THE COMPACT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS" IS THE COMPELLING STORY OF MAN'S COMPASSION FOR HIS DISTRESSED NEIGHBOR.

Henry Holt, swinging toward important poetry, reports:

"THE COLLECTED POEMS OF A. E. HOUSMAN," DEFINITIVE CENTENARY ANNIVERSARY EDITION WITH BASIL DAVENPORT INTRODUCTION. HOLT HIS ORIGINAL PUBLISHERS.

Using economical but enthusiastic prose, Houghton Mifflin advises:

WHAT ELSE BUT ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.'S "THE COMING OF THE NEW DEAL," BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH FOR JANUARY.

The report from Knopf bears on a new interpretation of law and justice:

JUSTICE CURTIS BOK'S "STAR WORMWOOD" RE-CREATES ONE YOUTH'S CRIME, TRIAL, DEATH, WITH ILLUMINATING SUPPORTING COMMENTARY ON JUSTICE AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Macmillan, surveying the scene from Sixty Fifth Avenue, tells us:

FROM "A" TO "ZYRYNOVSK," THE MACMILLAN EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPEDIA NEW TWELVE-VOLUME 1959 EDITION COMING IN MARCH WILL HAVE EVERYTHING, MAN.

Longmans, Green jumps over the border northward to let us know:

LONGMANS BRINGING OUT CANADA'S ANGRY OLD MAN OF LETTERS, ARTHUR REGINALD MARSDEN LOWER'S LIVELY, CONTROVERSIAL HISTORY "CANADIANS IN THE MAKING."

McDowell, Obolensky, comfortably settled on Manhattan's East 61st Street, would have us be thus advised:

"SIGHT AND INSIGHT" IS ART BOOK LIKE NO OTHER. BY ALEXANDER ELIOT, TIME'S ART EDITOR, ILLUMINATES WHOLE WORLD OF ART.

McGraw-Hill, in its green, modern building on the west side, feels they have an unusual inspirational offering:

A TOP SPRING BOOK IS THE LATE PETER MARSHALL'S "THE FIRST EASTER," EDITED BY HIS WIFE. POLING SAYS: WARM, EVANGELICAL.

David McKay, who made us so alarmingly aware of the hidden persuaders among us, have an equally promising insight for us:

FOR MC KAY, A NEW VANCE PACKARD EXPLODES THE COZY MYTH OF AMERICA'S CLASSLESS SOCIETY. ALL ABOUT YOU, YOU, AND YOU.

The big disasters of history have always made compelling reading when documented. This is what Putnam's has to say about their forthcoming effort in this line:

PUTNAM'S EXPECTS HIT IN ALVIN MOSCOW'S "COLLISION COURSE" (MARCH). DEFINITIVE STORY ANDREA DORIA-STOCKHOLM COLLISION. READER'S DIGEST BOOK CLUB SELECTION.

No season would be complete without a book on the War Between the

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The Marlboro Story

How One of America's Most Popular Filter Cigarettes Got That Way

BY LEO BURNETT

Judging by the mail and the number of times Marlboro comes up in magazine and newspaper stories, there seems to be so much interest in Marlboro cigarettes that I have been encouraged to write this piece.

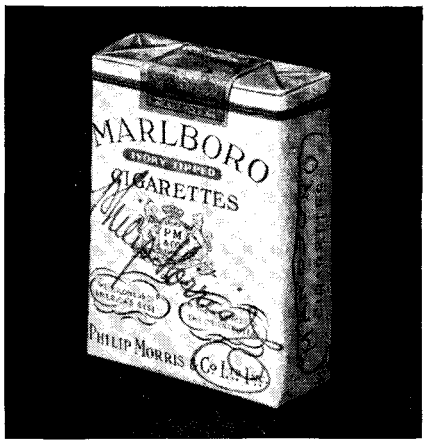
The story starts in 1954. There were indications that substantial numbers of smokers were starting to switch to filter cigarettes. The Philip Morris people had an unusually fine filter. They had a blend of tobaccos that in consumer tests had proved itself quite superior in flavor to other filter cigarettes of the day.

They also had a radically new type of cigarette package called the "Flip-Top Box." It looked like a regular cigarette package but it was firm so the cigarettes wouldn't crush, even when a construction worker put them in his pants pocket.

Naming the Baby

The first thing their new baby needed was a name, and cigarette names are hard to come by. Finally they decided to give it a name they already had, "Marlboro." But this was the *name of a totally different kind of* cigarette than the one they wanted to sell. What's more, Philip Morris had been putting it out since 1924. It was an extremely mild cigarette liberally laced with Turkish tobaccos. It came both with an ivory tip and a red "beauty tip." Many women smoked it and it was rather widely thought of as a lady's cigarette.

It came in this package:



So there they were. They had a perfectly good name, but they needed to make it the name of an entirely different kind of cigarette.

In tackling the problem, our advertising agency had the benefit of some very thorough research by Elmo Roper and that of the Philip Morris research people. The new filter cigarette came in a package that looked like this:

As a first step, a group of us went down to Richmond, Virginia, where the new Marlboros were being made. Excepting a bakery, we had never seen a place that looked so clean or smelled so good. We were equally impressed by the research laboratories. Here we found a large staff of doctors of this and that using an amazing lot of scientific equipment to analyze tobacco, filters, and smoke itself.

This visit convinced us that Marlboro was a very good cigarette made with a great deal of care and con-

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science. But it didn't solve the problem for us.

The first temptation was to go overboard with advertising that featured the "Flip-Top Box," the first real change in cigarette packaging in 38 years. It not only kept the cigarettes in good shape right down to the twentieth one, but, when empty, it was dandy for carrying fishhooks, stray buttons, and all sorts of things. But people don't smoke boxes, and everybody decided that it was what was *inside* the box that counted most. So we turned to Elmo Roper's research.

What the Research Told Us

When we combined the research findings with common sense and experience, two points of special significance seemed to emerge:

1. People regarded the old ivory-tipped Marlboro as sissy. (That's the way it had been advertised—"America's luxury cigarette"—in a very plush atmosphere.)

2. Many regular smokers at that time tended to regard all filter cigarettes as slightly effeminate.

The new Marlboro wasn't this kind of a cigarette at all. It had a flavor you could get hold of and roll around in your mouth. There was nothing sissy about it.

It didn't take any motivational research or psychological seance to decide that the best way to sell the new Marlboro was to present it for what it really was, a filter cigarette with a full, honest flavor that could satisfy a man who was a regular smoker. In other words, a man's filter.

The Marlboro Cowboy

We asked ourselves what was the most generally accepted symbol of masculinity in America, and this led quite naturally to a cowboy.

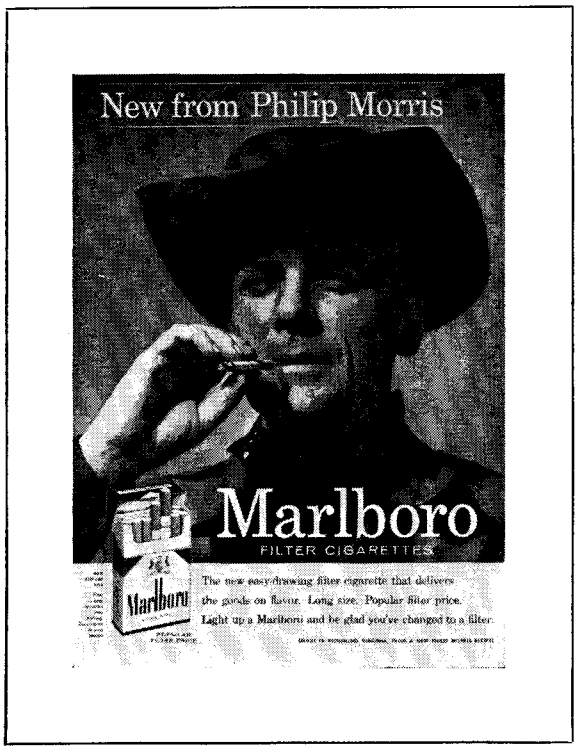
The next natural question was: "If a cowboy were talking about the flavor, what would he say?"

This led to the phrase, "*Delivers the goods on flavor.*"

The new Marlboro was made from a special and exclusive blend, so we called it a "recipe," which is exactly what it is.

It seemed desirable also to let people know the name of the new Marlboro's respected maker. This led to the line, "*New from Philip Morris*" and this appeared in all introductory advertising.

The advertising first broke in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles. The public responded spontaneously and in a big way.

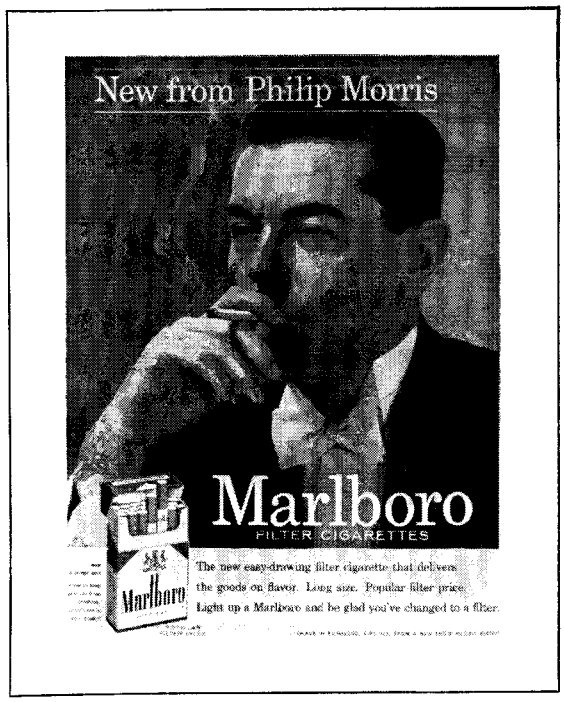

New from Philip Morris
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
The new easy-drawing filter cigarette that delivers the goods on flavor. Long size. Popular filter price.
Light up a Marlboro and be glad you've changed to a filter.

First Marlboro Man Ad

Machines Flown from England

The new Flip-Top Box required special and very intricate machinery, made only by a company in England, which at that time enjoyed the engineering collaboration of Vickers, Ltd., of jet airplane fame. To keep pace with the sudden and overwhelming demand, extra machines were flown over from England as fast as they could be manufactured.

So far so good, but obviously we couldn't keep on showing cowboys forever, although they could be repeated from time to time.


New from Philip Morris
Marlboro
FILTER CIGARETTES
The new easy-drawing filter cigarette that delivers the goods on flavor. Long size. Popular filter price.
Light up a Marlboro and be glad you've changed to a filter.

First Tattoo Ad

This led to another idea . . . close-up photographs of "regular guys." We shunned slick professional models, so familiar in cigarette advertising, as well as testimonials. Among our own friends and acquaintances, however, we found men who typified what has been referred to as "masculine confidence."

One of the big problems of an advertiser is to set himself apart from his competitors. This led to the tattoo, which was inscribed on the hands and wrists of the "Marlboro men" with indelible ink in a ballpoint pen at the time they were photographed. It seemed to be engaging to the men and women with whom these ads were tested in personal interviews. It seemed also to reinforce the masculine personality of the advertising and the brand.

People told us, "*This man looks successful and sophisticated but rugged, and as though he might have had interesting experiences.*"

The general response among both men and women was, "*He is the kind of person you would notice across a crowded room, and I would be interested in meeting him.*"

Months later our feeling about the story-telling quality of the tattoo was confirmed when we ran across a remark attributed to Jack London. He

(Advertisement)

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is reported as saying, in effect, "*Follow any man with a tattoo and you will find a romantic and adventurous past.*"

Anyway, the public quickly took to the sophisticated, successful-looking but rugged Marlboro Man. More and more people tried the cigarette, found a flavor they had been looking for and became regular smokers of the brand. Marlboro quickly took its place as one of America's leading filter cigarettes.

Although the advertising showed nothing but men, women took to the cigarette, too. Later this led a writer, aptly, though rather ambiguously, to call Marlboro "*the cigarette designed for men that women like.*"

Several months after the introduction, a television writer came up with a song which goes, "*You get a lot to like with a Marlboro—filter—flavor—flip-top box.*" This telegraphed the story and it quickly caught the public's fancy.

The "Tar Derby"

In the summer of 1957 the cigarette business was shaken by what is now referred to as the "Tar Derby."

This warfare as to who has the most effective or "best" filter in terms of tar and nicotine delivery as measured in milligrams, of course, is still continuing.

Various testing methods are employed and, whatever method is finally agreed upon by the Federal Trade Commission, now working on the problem in collaboration with leading tobacco companies, much depends on the habits of the individual smoker . . . how much he smokes, how fast he smokes, etc. It is generally conceded, however, that Philip Morris is a leader in this field of research which it pioneered some 25 years ago. By any known standards of measurement, Marlboro has one of America's most effective filters, and increasing millions of well-informed people are accepting it as such.

Marlboro's now famous filter is demonstrated, not with charts, but with what we call the "Filter Flower." This shows the copious amount of cellulose acetate, widely accepted as one of the most effective filtering materials known, in the filter of just one Marlboro cigarette, fluffed out in the shape of a flower. (Milligram data showing the position of Marlboro in relation to other cigarettes, of course, have been widely publicized.)

Naturally this filter has been gradually improved to provide increasingly effective filtration but it is still a filter which, as has been said in the ads, "*doesn't get between you and the flavor.*"

In the meantime the "recipe" itself has been improved in terms of lower tar and nicotine delivery, as well as flavor.

Presiding over this end of the business in Richmond is a southern gentleman by the name of Wirt Hatcher, a tobacco man of some 44 years' experience.

Now Better "Makin's"

Mr. Hatcher, in collaboration with Dr. Robert N. Dupuis, head of research, and his staff, have now come up with a most unusual combination of true tobacco flavor and filter effectiveness. As Mr. Hatcher puts it, "It has the same famous Marlboro flavor, but more of it, strained through one of the best darned filters you can get. If I weren't afraid of scaring off the women, I would say that it gives you all the relaxation of smoking a pipe."

He sums it all up with the phrase, *better "makin's."*

To distinguish this newest Filter Recipe, in combination with the improved filter, the little crest on the package is now gold instead of gray.

As you probably know, the new combination now comes both in the famous Flip-Top Box and in the new king-size Soft Pack, because some people prefer the "soft pack" (or "cup" pack, as it is known in the trade).

Throughout this experience we have been impressed with certain things about smokers, smoking and the attitude of the Philip Morris people.

Although it is difficult today to find a home without ashtrays, many people choose not to smoke.

Those who *do* smoke do so for various conscious or unconscious reasons. You hear them say they smoke for relaxation, relief from tensions, for sociability and companionship, as a reward (after sinking a ten-foot putt, for example), because a cigarette just plain tastes good after a cup of coffee, or for dozens of other reasons.

Marlboro is made for them.

The Language of a Brand

Outside the clothes and jewelry you wear, a cigarette package is your most frequently exposed possession. Every time you expose it, it says something about you.

Marlboro says, we believe, that while you want a highly effective filter and a mild combination of the world's finest tobaccos, you don't smoke just because of habit but you know and appreciate good tobacco flavor.

Philip Morris does not urge anybody to smoke but takes the position that if you *do* smoke, particularly if you smoke for flavor rather than strictly from habit, and want one of the best filters to boot, Marlboro is made especially for you.

It is not necessary that you have a romantic past or be able to lick your weight in wildcats. If you appreciate good smoking, that's enough.

Warning to readers: this is the material in an unfinished filter before it is cured. So don't try to fluff out the filter of a Marlboro in your pocket. You can't.

Published by Philip Morris Inc.

***NOTE:** Leo Burnett, who was requested to make this report, is Chairman of Leo Burnett Company, Inc., Chicago, an advertising agency.*

(Advertisement)

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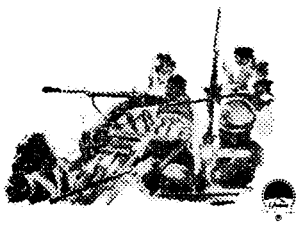
REUNITING THE TWO TOWERING ANTAGONISTS OF "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"!

Yul Brynner as Buccaneer Jean Lafitte!
Charlton Heston as General Andrew Jackson!

Cecil B. DeMille
Presents
YUL BRYNNER
as Jean Lafitte
CLAIRE BLOOM
CHARLES BOYER
in
THE BUCCANEER
co-starring
INGER STEVENS · HENRY HULL · E. G. MARSHALL
also co-starring
CHARLTON HESTON
as Andrew Jackson
Produced by Henry Wilcoxon Directed by Anthony Quinn Screenplay by Jesse L. Lasky Jr. and Bernice Mosk
TECHNICOLOR®
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



THE BIG HOLIDAY SHOW NOW AT THE CAPITOL
B'WAY & 51st ST.

States, and Rinehart wires us about this one:

LAST DAYS OF CIVIL WAR TREATED BRILLIANTLY BY BURKE DAVIS IN HIS NEW BOOK "TO APPOMATTOX." LITERARY GUILD SELECTION MARCH.

Simon and Schuster, ushering in the New Year from its Radio City quarters, telegraphs:

ESSANDESS CURE FOR NEW YEAR HANGOVERS: JANUARY 2 ROMAIN GARY'S GRANDE DAME "LADY L," LOVABLE, INTRACTABLE, ARISTOCRATIC, WITH SECRET LIFE.

Viking, no newcomer to National Book Awards, is anxious to let us know about this:

EARLY 1959 HEADLINER SAUL BELLOW'S "HENDERSON THE RAIN KING," COMING FEBRUARY. BELLOW'S FIRST NOVEL SINCE "ADVENTURES AUGIE MARCH," NBA 1954.

World Publishing, straddled between Cleveland and New York, has this up its sleeve:

SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR'S "MEMOIRS OF A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER" SURE HIT FOR MAY. READS LIKE A NOVEL AND A SIGNED CONFESSION.

We have held Scribner's out until the last, because the agony of compressing their headline news was too much for them. Unable to face the decision, with a deadline pressing them, they finally threw up the sponge and wired:

SCRIBNER'S LIST BULGING OVER WITH BIG HEADLINES. DETAILS ON FORTHCOMING BEST SELLERS AND NEWSMAKERS IN OUR SPRING CATALOG.

Woodrow Wilson (or Voltaire, or a dozen other writers, depending on what you read) has said: "Please excuse the undue length of this letter. I didn't have time to write a short one."

Happy reading for the New Year!

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1291)

(HAMLIN) GARLAND:
MY FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE

We brought to our Christmastime a keen appetite and empty hands. And the lesson of it all is, if we are seeking a lesson, that it is better to give to whose who want, than to those for whom "we ought to do something because they did something for us last year."

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center • CI 6-4600

"AUNTIE MAME"
Starring
ROSALIND RUSSELL
co-starring
FORREST TUCKER
CORAL BROWNE • FRED CLARK
Screenplay by
BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN
from the novel "Auntie Mame" by Patrick Dennis
Directed by MORTON DaCOSTA
A WARNER BROS. Picture
Filmed in TECHNIRAMA®
Color by TECHNICOLOR®

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT CHRISTMAS STAGE SHOW
"The Nativity"
Far-famed pageant of the first Christmas, featuring famed Columbus Boychoir . . . and
"CHEERS"
Gala holiday revue, produced by Leonidoff, featuring wondrous underseas spectacle with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Symphony Orchestra and guest artists.

"WHAT A DARLING WIDOW SHE WOULD MAKE!"

That's the naughty thought of the society doctor . . . it's wittily wise and wicked!

M-G-M presents
Leslie Caron (the "Gigi" girl) · Dirk Bogarde (so handsome)
in
Bernard Shaw's
"The Doctor's Dilemma"
with
ALASTAIR SIM · ROBERT MORLEY
in METROCOLOR · Costumes by CECIL BEATON
Produced by ANATOLE de GRUNWALD
Directed by ANTHONY ASQUITH
An M-G-M Release

Trans-Lux 52nd on Lexington
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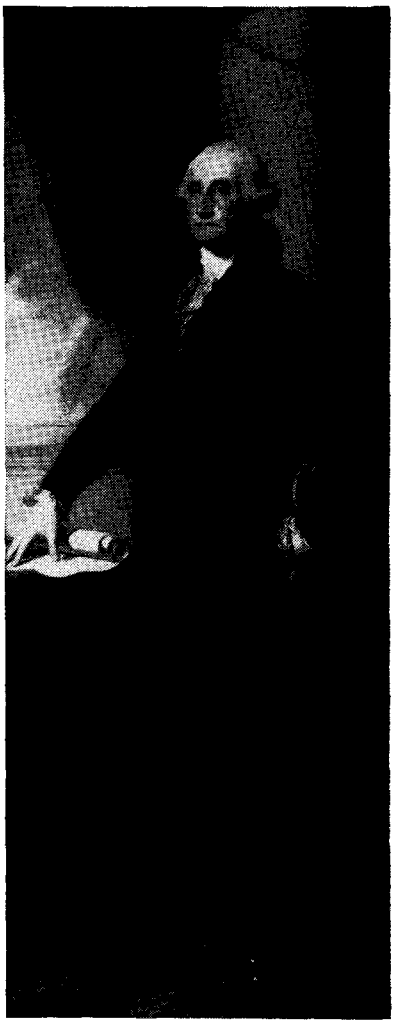
Saturday Review
DECEMBER 27, 1958



TELLING THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

Portrait of George Washington by Gilbert Stuart (Culver).

By HENRY STEELE COMMAGER and RICHARD B. MORRIS

"WHO shall write the history of the American Revolution?" asked John Adams in 1815. "Who can write it? Who will ever be able to write it?" If that task seemed formidable to one who had lived through every moment of it, who had known all the great actors in the turbulent drama, and had kept the most compendious records, how shall it seem to us today when the actors have long since left the stage, when the flickering light of campfires, the whiff of grapeshot, and the sound of oratory, are merely words on crumbling paper?

The very phrase, The American Revolution, conjures up for us images familiar and heroic: Captain Parker mustering his little band on Lexington common, Warren and Putnam in the thick of the fight on Bunker's Hill, Washington crossing the ice-floed Delaware, bloody footprints on the snow of Valley Forge, John Paul Jones closing with the *Serapis*, Nathan Hale beneath the gallows, Clark's riflemen wading the swollen waters of the Wabash, Morgan smashing Tarleton at Cowpens, the "world turned upside down" at Yorktown, and many others. This is as it should be, for these things have gone into American memory, and into the making of the American character.

Yet needless to say, the Revolution was not all fighting; indeed the fighting, though essential, was perhaps not the most important part of it. No large armies were ever engaged on either side; there were few pitched battles; battle casualties were small; and much of the fighting was what we would now call guerrilla warfare. John Adams saw "the real American Revolution" as a "radical change in the principles, opinions, sentiments, and affections of the people," and thought it was, above all, "in the minds and hearts of the people." The Revolution was, indeed, a wonderfully complex event, and historians are still exploring its labyrinthine complexities and philosophers its ultimate meaning. The Revolution was a war for political independence—the first great struggle to achieve independence from an imperial connection in modern times—and as such its impact was world-wide. It ushered in an era of revolutions on the European continent, in Latin America, and eventually in Asia and Africa—an era that is still with us. It was the birth of a nation—a nation different in its creation and in its character from the nations of the Old World, and one which was destined to fix the character of much of modern nationalism. It was to establish new principles of the relation of men to government, and of the relation of colonies to mother country. It was a series of far-reaching democratic reforms, the inauguration of effective self-government and of social and economic equality.

These are large and abstract concepts; the Revolution was, too, many things that are simple and concrete. It was the Continental Congress debating the Suffolk Resolves; it was

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Abigail Adams.

—*Culver.*

Jared Sparks.

TWO DIFFERENT KINDS OF HISTORIAN: President John Adams's wife Abigail (1744-1818), one of the busiest letter-writers of her century, who witnessed the war from its beginning at the burning of Charlestown, Massachusetts; and Professor Jared Sparks of Harvard (1789-1866), historian and first editor of the writings of George Washington.

Jefferson writing the Declaration of Independence; it was the towns of Massachusetts drawing up the first state constitution; it was the confiscation of Tory estates and their redistribution to Patriots; it was Franklin at the Court of Versailles; it was the breaking of the Indian power on the northern and the southern borderlands; it was Jefferson and Madison toppling the Established Church in Virginia; it was the winning of the West and the settlement of the West; it was Tom Paine and Joel Barlow and Philip Freneau and the beginnings of American literature.

UNLIKE most later revolutions, but like the American Civil War, the War for Independence was distinguished by its concern for and emphasis upon legality.

There was, to be sure, a seamier side to the Revolution—tarring and feathering, lynching, the repudiation of debts and the confiscation of Tory estates, the vindictive persecution of inoffensive Loyalists. But there was no systematic Terror, no Thermidor, no mailed fist, and if the Revolution often seemed wanton and cruel to its victims it was, by comparison with the French, the Russian, or the Spanish Revolutions of later years, an almost decorous affair. The explanation is not too elusive. From beginning to end the Revolution was led by an Élite, not only benevolent and enlightened, but prosperous and conservative. Washington, John Adams, James Wilson, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Laurens—these and others like them constituted perhaps the most conservative, respectable, and disinterested revolutionary agitators that any revolution ever displayed. These leaders—most of them trained to the law—insisted that the Revolution be managed in an orderly and lawful fashion and that the war be fought according to rules prevailing in civilized nations. They deprecated alike fanaticism and lawlessness, and it is a commentary on the American temperament that the eloquent and devoted Tom Paine was distrusted almost as much as Benedict Arnold.

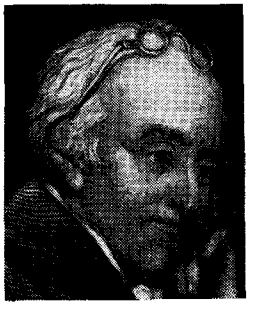
This legalism is prophetic of the America that was to develop in the course of the next century. Nothing is more interesting than to detect the emergence, even this early, and in abnormal circumstances, of traits of character we have come to think of as American. The American is already, as St. John de Crevecoeur wrote at the time—a new man. He is independent; he is impatient of discipline; he hopelessly mixes up military, economic and social activities. He is equalitarian, and has little patience with those who claim to be his superiors. He is ambitious and avaricious, and much given to speculation and to getting ahead. He is literate, takes an active part in the business of politics, and carries into camp the habits of self-government. He does not like fighting for its own sake, but fights well when he has to; he has little use for the military hierarchy, and bucks like a colt against taking orders. He is ingenious and practical; prefers a stone wall to an open field, and a timely retreat to a foolhardy advance. He is young and tough, survives hardships and diseases that would wipe out his more vulnerable descendants; lives simply and unaffectedly. He is on the whole cheerful and good-humored, decent and honest; commits few crimes against persons (unless they are Indians) and unless our sources deceive us by a prudish silence has a relatively high standard of sexual morality. He is religious but not pious, and already certain that there is a benign Providence whose chief concern is with him and his country.

Had the American Revolution been merely two wars—one against Britain and another to decide who would rule at home—it would still have constituted a formidable challenge to those who attempted to write its history. But in addition the Revolution was a part, and a major part, of a world war. It was fought within sight of the cliffs of Dover, at Gibraltar, off the Cape of Good Hope, and along the Coromandel coast. It was waged in the British Parliament as well as in the Continental Congress. Its objectives were pursued as relentlessly in Paris and Madrid as on the Champlain or the Delaware. And, in one way or another, it drew a large part of Europe into the conflict: thirty thousand German mercenaries, for example, an army and a navy from France, volunteers from most countries of northern Europe, and the Courts of Berlin and Copenhagen, the Hague and St. Petersburg. A roll call which includes Lafayette, Rochambeau, Beaumarchais, Fersen, von Steuben, Gálvez, Pulaski, and Kosciuszko, on the one side, and Knyphausen, André, La Corne, Breymann, and Riedesel on the other, proclaims eloquently the international character of the war.

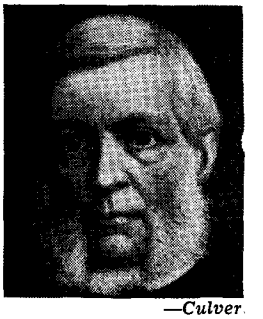
In the eighteenth century, even more than today, soldiers accepted the principle later immortalized by Alfred Lord Tennyson: Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die. That was certainly true of the British soldiers who fought in America and, even more glaringly, of the German mercenaries who fought alongside them. The readers will look in vain for any ideology in the British accounts of the war, for any realization that more was at stake than military victory over upstart rebels. Even British statesmen—with the exception of those who championed the American cause—rarely rose to any notion

(*Continued on page* 27)

DOCTOR AND DIPLOMAT: A famous physician and medical educator, who wrote only briefly of his military experiences, Benjamin Rush (1745-1813) played a near-disastrous role in the Revolution, so involving himself in the 1777 Conway Cabal against Washington that he had to leave the Army. A different kind of career was that of George Bancroft (1800-1891), who served as Navy Secretary and Minister to Great Britain while composing his lifework, the huge "History of the United States."



Benjamin Rush.



—*Culver.*

George Bancroft.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

American Fiction in 1958

By Granville Hicks

As the year passed by, it seemed rather unrewarding, but now, looking back, I can compile a goodly list of novels that impressed me. It was no *annus mirabilis*, but it wasn't a bad year.

Leading the list is Vladimir Nabokov's "Lolita," the year's most glittering performance. (Although his career has been trilingual and he owes much to European traditions, Nabokov is an American not only by residence but also by virtue of his astonishing mastery of the vernacular.) The book's popular success may be due to the wrong reasons, but there has been abundant recognition of its remarkable qualities—its startling but irrefutable insights, its well-aimed satire and unpredictable humor, its superb craftsmanship. Unpleasant in many of its parts, it is a book one remembers with pleasure, because Nabokov has done so well what he set out to do.

Among the many first novels of the year, William Humphrey's "Home from the Hill" is the solidest achievement. That Humphrey has learned a lesson or two from William Faulkner is obvious, but he has assimilated all that he has learned. In his middle thirties he emerges as a completely mature and uncommonly powerful writer, with a style of his own, a strong sense of form, and a gift for telling a story.

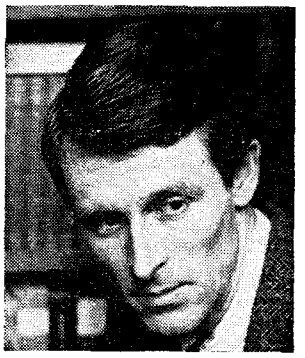
Young as she is, Shirley Ann Grau had a reputation as a short story writer before the publication of her first novel, "The Hard Blue Sky." It is still a question, I think, whether her talent isn't for episodes rather than sustained narrative. The novel is not merely a collection of episodes, for it is held together by Miss Grau's feeling for the community she writes about and its natural setting, but particular episodes are what remain in the memory. In any case she is a gifted writer, and "The Hard Blue Sky" is a rich book.

J. P. Donleavy's "The Ginger Man" is a wild sort of novel about a wild sort of person, a book full of violence and poetry and humor. Like his Sebastian Dangerfield, Donleavy takes pleasure in shocking people, and the pair of them at times seem rather juvenile, but there is originality enough in the book to outweigh serious shortcomings.

Three youthful first novelists are Alex Karmel, Richard Frede, and Jonathan Kozol, recent products, in the order given, of Columbia, Yale, and Harvard. Karmel's "Mary Ann" is highly disciplined, perhaps a little too tight and abstract to hold the reader. Kozol's "The Fume of Poppies," on the other hand, is loosely organized, being a romantic tribute to young love interspersed with travelogues. Both young men deserve to be watched, but neither has been quite so successful in his first try as Frede in "Entry E," the best novel of college life that I have seen in quite a time.

There are other first novels that deserve to be mentioned. H. L. Humes's "The Underground City" is ambitious and unselective and in part interesting. Robert Phelps's "Heroes and Orators" is a perceptive study of sexual ambiguities, a novel whose scenes aren't easily forgotten. Dean Brelis's short novel of the war in Asia, "The Mission," impressed me, and so, in lesser degree, did Edward Loomis's "End of a War." Dennis Murphy's "The Sergeant," which is not a war novel but a dramatic story of unrecognized homosexuality, satisfactorily sustains a difficult theme.

First novels interest a critic even when they are pretty bad, but they are less important than second and third novels. Frederick Buechner's third novel, "The Return of Ansel Gibbs," is strikingly like its predecessors in spite of the fact that the choice of a political theme seemed to indicate a new departure; but to say that is not to disparage the novel, for Buechner does well with the intricate human relationships he chooses to portray. It is altogether proper for a novelist to develop in one particular direction, and if he does develop, if he grows in insight and skill, there can be no complaint. And I am not complaining when I say that Albert J. Guérard in "The Bystander," John Brooks in "The Man Who Broke Things," and Louis Auchincloss in "Venus in Sparta" do nothing startlingly different from what they have done before. On the other hand, I am struck when a writer takes a new line, as Vance Bourjaily has done in his third novel, "The Violated." Bourjaily deliberately chooses to be less disciplined than he has shown he knows how to be, and if his experiment is not completely



William Humphrey

Bernard Malamud

Vance Bourjaily

Vladimir Nabokov

From them: a mature first performance, gentle tales of guilt and suffering, a worth-while experiment, *and* one of this year's fiction jackpots, "Lolita."

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successful, he does a good deal that is worth doing.

As every year does, 1958 brought some disappointments. Never an unqualified admirer of James Jones's "From Here to Eternity," I didn't expect too much from his second novel, but I was shocked when "Some Came Running" exhibited the faults of the earlier book exaggerated to such a degree that the novel frequently seems to be the work of a malicious parodist. Willard Motley's "Let No Man Write My Epitaph" isn't as bad as that, but it is a rather inept rewriting of "Knock on Any Door." Richard Wright's "The Long Dream" is also a return to familiar territory, and if it is not a failure in the sense that Motley's novel is, it lacks the freshness of Wright's early work. As for John O'Hara, he shouldn't have disappointed the admirers of "A Rage to Live" and "Ten North Frederick," since "On the Terrace" gives them more and more of same. But for those of us who had misgivings about the earlier novels, the new one is anything but reassuring, for the more and more seems to do less and less.

Of the collections of short stories I read, the finest was Bernard Malamud's "The Magic Barrel," with its gentle tales of guilt and suffering. It is a long way from Malamud's Jewish shopkeepers to the suburbanites of John Cheever's "The Housebreaker of Shady Hill," and indeed the two writers have little in common except mastery of their medium. Whereas Malamud's stories have a legendary quality, Cheever's are sharp and sophisticated, and their brisk manner sometimes conceals their profundity. Harold Brodkey's "First Love and Other Sorrows" is not in the same class with Malamud's volume or Cheever's, but it introduces an interesting young writer.

SO IT was not a bad year for American fiction. We have a considerable number of serious young craftsmen, and more of them are coming along all the time. In some of the new writers craftsmanship seems to be very nearly the whole story; one feels no passion, no driving force. But not many of the novels I have listed can be dismissed as academic exercises. In most of them the reader is aware that there has been a conscious effort to master problems of form and style, but the art of expression has been cultivated because there is something that has to be expressed. The year may not have given us many works of genius, but it did produce a body of fiction that commands respect and deserves reading. It deserves a wider reading than it has had or, most of it, is likely to get.

Big Year for the "Rent-Payers"

Publishing, 1958: For the Cause of Letters, a Lull

By DAVID DEMPSEY

IN THE real-estate business there is a building called the taxpayer —an interim structure designed to occupy a location until something more permanent can be found to take its place. So in publishing, on every list there are certain titles called rent-payers—books which will not win the Pulitzer (or any other) prize but which enjoy the happy faculty of bringing in the quick buck. The authors of these works are those for whom cocktail parties are given and who (if this be their third or fourth hit) may be taken to lunch at Twenty-One. There is a better than average chance that the movie rights have been snapped up (this seems to be the favorite phrase applied to such transactions) and that the reprint houses are bidding for the privilege of undressing the heroine. In 1958, on the basis of these criteria, especially as applied to fiction, many publishers have probably paid the rent until about 1965.

If book critics are not especially happy at this, the bookkeepers are. When the curtain is rung down on December 31, somewhat more than 13,000 titles will have been issued, a total that will crowd 1957's, itself the second highest in this century. In sales the recession had its impact, although the generally healthy position of the industry was unimpaired. For most publishers, business was good.

For the cause of letters, on the other hand, it would be difficult to imagine a more unrewarding year. Few new writers of any real promise found their way into print, and most of the old stand-bys were either marking time or sitting out the season. There was but a handful of outstanding books published, and of the many nominally good ones—the books that are inevitably reviewed on the front pages of the literary supplements—most had the ring of predictability.

This is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Theodore Roosevelt: hence two full-fledged biographies of T.R. The fourth volume of Churchill's "History of the English-Speaking Peoples" appeared on schedule; there were the usual tributes to the Founding Fathers. About the Civil War there is in almost any given year twenty or more major entries. Three of these will contain introductions by Henry Steele Commager, two will be written by Bruce Catton, and one will be a selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Readers this year were not disappointed, although my actual count of titles ran to only nineteen.

All this may make a publishing season, but it hardly makes history. In 1958 the touchstones were missing. Where was the novel that could match "By Love Possessed" or the social history that equaled Max Lerner's "America as a Civilization"? Figuratively, what we got in their places was seventy-six trombones. In fiction, Granville Hicks provides a more complete appraisal of the year's gleanings. I do, however, want to comment on what is obviously a publishing trend—the discovery that sex pays better than ever. Since the success of "Peyton Place," the priapic possibilities of the American small-town novel have been growing. Self-appointed community censors find themselves overwhelmed by sheer force of numbers and, besides, in an age of easy broadmindedness, many of the censors have begun to enjoy the books. One remembers the fight over "Ulysses" as quaint indeed.

THE year opened with James Jones's 1,266-page chronicle of the sex life of a small Illinois town, "Some Came Running." Except for certain sections that display Jones's vigorous style at its best (the trip to Florida, for example), the book was a disaster. The year closed with John O'Hara's 897-page narrative of careerism and sex, "From the Terrace," in this reviewer's opinion also a disaster. In between, we had 1958's most popular novel, "Anatomy of a Murder," with considerable emphasis on the anatomy (the story revolved around an attempted rape); "Lolita," a shocker that was saved from obscenity by the innate distinction of its style; a clutch of third-rate "firsts" that ranged from

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the pleasure of it all ("The Best of Everything") to the horror of it ("Strike Heaven in the Face"); and a scattering of mildly serious attempts to treat the subject of sex artistically ("The Summer Lovers").

These were not necessarily the best novels published in 1958, but they were among the novels that sold; and even though sex in itself does not guarantee the sale of a book, it has become evident that sex is something readers look for, and which publishers have gotten into the habit of providing. The worst aspect of the subject is that it is largely gratuitous, and, being so, that it has made cynics out of everyone connected with it: publishers, editors, booksellers, reviewers, and even readers. Through a kind of puzzled mutual consent (no one is quite sure who started it) we have all agreed to do our share in supplying the public with these literary aphrodisiacs, not in the language of responsible criticism (in the writer's case, self-criticism) but in snickers. One could wish that the trend had run its course, but this is doubtful: already, we are being prepared for "Return to Peyton Place."

Well, I would like to point out that rent collectors are hard-boiled fellows.

The year in nonfiction was better, if only by default. A decade or so ago we began a cycle of "worry" books ("Peace of Mind," "The Power of Positive Thinking," etc.). This has come to an end, at least temporarily (I can't remember when a title by Norman Vincent Peale hasn't been on the best-seller lists, but such was the case in 1958), and their place has been taken by books that are clearly at the manic phase of the syndrome. Jean Kerr's "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" was a best-seller from first week to last, and no one was more surprised than her publisher, whose first printing was a timid 8,000 copies.

During most of 1958, Miss Kerr ran interference for a number of other humorists, notably Art Linkletter ("Kids Say the Darndest Things") and a gentleman so good that he must have been siphoned onto the list in the vacuum created by her whirlwind rise to the top: C. Northcote Parkinson ("Parkinson's Law"). Aside from this, the popular books of the year failed to establish a trend, and this may be a good thing. Another one of John Gunther's insides came out—on Russia—and John Kenneth Galbraith, in "The Affluent Society," wrote a book that may someday be looked back upon as the handwriting on the wall. The sleeper of the year was "Only in America," by an unknown, Harry Golden. The book is a refreshing collection of cracker-barrel wisdom, updated to mid-twentieth-century needs.

There was some slackening in World War II memoirs, and of the sounding brass, General Wedemeyer and Field-Marshal Montgomery made the biggest bids for attention; surprisingly, however, Major Gregory "Pappy" Boyington, the aviator, ran away with the show. His "Baa Baa Black Sheep" was just one rung below Thor Heyerdahl's "Aku Aku."

Serious nonfiction was best represented, I think, in biography, of which Charles Ferguson's chronicle of Cardinal Wolsey, "Naked to Mine Enemies" was one of the year's outstanding examples. There were others on Bernard Baruch, Joyce, Amy Lowell, Al Smith, Conrad, D. H. Lawrence, the aforementioned Roosevelt, and Woodrow Wilson, but none of them really caught the popular fancy, although Baruch's autobiography did . . . The moral would seem to be that we prefer to get our facts about a man straight from the horse's mouth, even though an editorial ghost (as in Baruch's case) is champing out the words.

NINETEEN fifty-eight, biographically was also a great year for the French. Christopher Herold's "Mistress to an Age," a life of Madame de Staël, won the huzzahs of nearly all the critics on the basis of its graceful combination of scholarship and readability. There was, in addition, André Maurois's three-generation life of the Dumas family; Nancy Mitford's "Voltaire in Love," and Enid Starkie's study of Baudelaire. None of these but two biographies-cum-fiction were: works were by American authors, "The Day on Fire" (about Rimbaud), by James Ramsey Ullman, and Charles Gorham's "Wine of Life" (about Balzac).

One is left with the impression, looking backwards, that the season in nonfiction was respectable enough, but that the really big books, the creative trailblazers, were missing. This is certainly no fault of publishers, who stand ready to bring out the best that is in us; nor are the times themselves out of joint, although come to think of it, this may be one of the troubles. As Americans—dangerous, ugly, or quiet—we are living on stored fat rather than on the dynamics of change. Maybe business has been *too* good. Maybe we have been waiting for things to happen instead of making them happen. If this is true, it should not surprise us that a year which offered so little challenge to its writers brought so little that was challenging to the reader.

Nancy Mitford

John Kenneth Galbraith

Jean Kerr

Thor Heyerdahl

From the above authors came nonfiction covering Voltaire's loves, America's economics, Westchester County's daisies, and Easter Island's caves . . . Maybe business was *too* good.

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The French Dramatist: His Limits Are Those of Man

The tradition of the theatre in France is a long and distinguished one, studded with such bright stars as Marivaux, Corneille, Racine, Molière. The tradition continues; today France has many dramatists whose plays, often experimental and philosophical, are always interesting. Some of these plays, now available in book form, enable Americans to read what they may not be able to see performed. SR *has asked David Grossvogel of Harvard University and the author of "The Self-Conscious Stage in Modern French Drama," to discuss these recently published works:* ***"Five Plays," by Jean Anouilh*** *(Hill & Wang. 340 pp. Cloth, $3.95. Paper, $1.75);* ***"The Balcony," by Jean Genet;*** *translated by Bernard Frechtman (Grove. 118 pp. Cloth, $3.50. Paper, $1.75);* ***"Three Plays," by Eugène Ionesco;*** *translated by Donald Watson (Grove. 166 pp. Cloth, $3.50. Paper, $1.75); and* ***"Caligula and Three Other Plays," by Albert Camus;*** *translated by Stuart Gilbert (Knopf. 302 pp. $5).*

By DAVID GROSSVOGEL

THE EXCITABILITY of the French is a metabolic function of no small moment: until quite recently the apparently solid bases of constitutions and cabinets tottered on its crests. A controversial book or bicycle race might just as easily attain similar effects, for the emotion appealed to is a generous one. At any rate, it is a natural endowment that has enabled Jean-Paul Sartre to answer his own query "What is Literature?" with the assertion that it is "the gift of [the reader's] entire being."

That shifting land between reality and its reflection, the stage, demands such a bestowal for its very existence and, because of the genuine ease with which the Frenchman is able to effect it, does so with greatest success in France. The Théâtre National Populaire (recently here on tour) is able to draw an audience of workingmen through the formal rhythms of the Alexandrine and the courtliness of Corneille's seventeenth century, into the romantic enthusiasm of an even more ancient Spanish hero, "Le Cid." Writing about Jean Genet, Sartre points to such a model spectator in the child given up to the hypnosis of the screen and exclaiming, "Don't drink it! It's poison!" And Sartre chides the spectator in whom self-consciousness and the fear of an intimate identification have restricted contact to the mere intellectual admiration of Genet's plays.

This expectation of close contact has kept the French stage nearer to active ritual than to passive entertainment: in Paris, the excitement of a genuine drama spreads wider and penetrates deeper than that of the most lavish musical. And because he knows that in the theatre his play stands a good chance of becoming an intimate dialogue between spectator and actor, the French dramatist feels few compulsions to set himself predetermined bounds: his limits are the limits of man, much as they were for Sophocles or Racine.

Being thus allowed to develop into something more than a synthetic compound of commercial, social, and moral concerns, the French play grows at times into a species hardy enough to withstand the transatlantic crossing. Shortly after World War II this path was smoothed with relative success by the poetic wit and wisdom of Jean Giraudoux, or beaten with equal success by the alternately bitter and pathetically defiant people of Jean Anouilh. Since then, through the experimental and off-Broadway stages, new names and new insights have become known: Samuel Beckett, the Irish expatriate whose French is an idiom of great simplicity and haunting rhythms, which speaks of the ineffectuality of man's gestures before a muted divinity that has never been satisfactorily extirpated; Eugène Ionesco, whose fun at man and the clichés of his world turns to irritation as, in counterpoint, conventional objects emerge as monsters from their everyday significance and turn menacingly upon the human being whom they have trapped; Jean Genet, a strange hybrid in whose plays the fundamental ambiguity of the stage extends the multifaceted being of the author and becomes the analysis of a dark but complex and universal soul.

Acknowledging an initial acceptance of these authors, their translated plays have begun to appear on the American market. Grove Press has recently added to an already impressive list "Ionesco: Three Plays" and "The Balcony," by Jean Genet. Hill and Wang's "Jean Anouilh" collects five plays by that author, three of which have not been published previously in the United States. And riding the crest of his Nobel Prize fame, Albert Camus is represented by Knopf's new Borzoi book, "Caligula and Three Other Plays" (the others being "The Misunderstanding," "State of Siege," and "The Just Assassins").

IN such a list the inclusion of Camus is thematically justified, even though he is better known—and rightly so—for his novels. The diversely persecuted people of Anouilh, Ionesco, Beckett, Genet are not the victims of other people. Rather, they reflect a view of man caught between limitless forces that defy his control and the equally limitless surges that well up from this finite: all bespeak the pity and the frailty of man thrust within the Absurd, that fundamental expression of dream and drawback. A younger Camus was long a theorist of the Absurd: his "Myth of Sisyphus" shaped an ethos about the figure of the mythological sinner, the timelessness and the immutability of whose god-imposed sentence was viewed as a classical representation of man's absurd lot. Camus's plays are dramatic variations on this theme; but whereas Sisyphus was allowed to convert hopelessness to dignity by viewing his lot unflinchingly and "assuming" its burden thereafter, the plays are not

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always granted this ethical conversion. This may be why they fail to develop into the "modern tragedies" which the author had wanted, the Absurd being too frequently posited at the expense of people who are not allowed the humanistic statement that negates the Absurd.

Antigone, who gives her name to the first play in the Jean Anouilh collection, is an example of the ethical and dramatic good resulting from the assertion of such a statement. No longer Sophoclean, the heroine becomes her own moral standard in opposing the social and rational morality of Creon. Both recognize the vanity of all tangible acts, but Antigone's self-willed motion denies the absurdity of human contingencies whereas Creon must live out a pointless life for having acted out gestures which he did not devise and which were thus doubly pointless.

The polish of Anouilh's plays and their scenic dexterity may have hidden from those in search of bland entertainment the undertow with which these pleasant surfaces have little to do. Even the comic masks that allow the comedy of errors in a play like "Thieves' Carnival" are the expression of a search for self not so very different from that of Joan of Arc—the "lark" that comes into its pristine being only within the lonely depths of the blue.

In like fashion, the comic burlesques of Ionesco may have satisfied spectators who were prevented by laughter from moving beyond the threshold of these dramas. And yet Ionesco tells a parable that is frightening in its simplicity: man, amusing in the vise of commonplaces, is in fact a living creature slowly being choked to death. And because Ionesco is able to give this parable the tangible dimensions of a surrealistic stage, a mental concept will engulf in dramatic reality the spectator who is not completely lost in a sterile contemplation of surfaces.

Donald Watson, who has turned the latest collection of Ionesco plays into English, speaks in his prefatory notes of the "fascinating nightmare" which these plays become for the translator. But even these linguistic barriers are small alongside cultural distinctions that have shaped different theatres in different lands, each with its own indigenous spectator, as a result of which there exists an ambient dissonance that carries beyond words. Even a playwright of Beckett's stature has been deprived of substance by interpreters who failed to realize that cultural differences can be bridged only through respect and understanding. No conventional coating is able to convert an alien play into a superficially assimilable object (especially as no good theatre can be superficially assimilated); the synthetic coating can serve only to reflect an impoverished spectator while keeping from him the very gist of the play.

The French play deserves special consideration because the French playwright is an especially conscious craftsman. Camus refuses to call his plays "philosophical" because they, "like our classical drama and the Greek tragedians, involve human fate in all its simplicity and grandeur." Similarly, Jean Genet is an analyst of such discernment that at least commensurate discernment is required to judge his work by his rather sensational life. He is in fact a man steeped in the mystery of the theatre and very much influenced by its most ancient traditions, notably those expressed in Oriental drama. His plays are informed by suffering and a fascination with the shadows and substance of human existence. His truly remarkable play, "The Maids," was a prismatic refraction of that fascination. "The Balcony" continues the same analysis, though perhaps a little more explicitly. In speaking of another playwright who evidenced a similar fascination, Pirandello, Eric Bentley speculated that it is "perhaps the main theme of literature in general."

FOR all these reasons, it becomes distressing to see Genet's plays glibly analyzed, and, in the very publicity that introduces them to us, as products of a decadent mind, or again, as shocking unveilers of what society generally hides (thereby eliciting an unwarranted comparison with Ibsen that casts yet another playwright on the ash heaps of trivia). Perhaps it is precisely because The Balcony is a brothel that it becomes degrading to settle upon its literal meaning rather than to enter into its significance—especially as this literary symbol of illusion is not exactly new.

It is in the realm beyond these surfaces that the truth and greatness of these works lie. There too lies their security, for they will remain unaltered long after spurious surfaces have crumbled and less timorous appraisers have found their way to them.

PERSONAL SCRAPBOOK: For the past fifty years — ever since he was seven — George Oppenheimer has been going to theatrical pieces with religious fervor. From his earliest glimpse of plays by George Ade and Clyde Fitch, he has been what you might call "audience struck." He fell in love with everybody who played "Peter Pan," and when he couldn't wangle a ticket or when the show was called off on account of rain or something, he stayed home in his den reading about the Thespian art. He clipped pieces he liked and pasted them in a personal scrapbook, which is now published under the title **"The Passionate Playgoer"** (Viking, $5.95).

Between the covers of this collection of essays, verses, and epigrams you will meet a lot of old friends like Woollcott, Sherwood, Broun, and almost all the literary playboys of the Broadway world. There are substantial articles by Arthur Miller, John Mason Brown, and even Thomas Wolfe. You'll be impressed by the notations of Elia Kazan anent the directorial problems of "A Streetcar Named Desire," and you'll enjoy a nostalgic bath in the old Hippodrome tank escorted by Gretchen Finletter, who was as puzzled in her youth as I still am about how those girls managed to disappear under the water.

It is not the sort of book you read chronologically, yet one you will ultimately complete. You'll laugh at remembered phrases such as Percy Hammond's comment on a vaudeville act: "They played it so often they can play it in their sleep, which is what they did yesterday." Or Robert Benchley's program translations of the songs rendered by Raquel Meller: "Nina a peasant girl who has come to town that day to sell her father." You'll be particularly grateful for the inclusion of Sam Hoffenstein's blurb on producer Al Woods, and Bert Williams's "Last Interview," by Ashton Stevens.

The editor's contribution to this book by others is far from obtrusive. In an introductory overture he dates his adult birth from January 1955, when he became drama critic for Long Island's *Newsday*.

The frustrations of the theatre may have bequeathed us an excellent critic and editor. Oppenheimer did have a short-lived career as a playwright. He wrote the witty "Here Today"—so light it needed a paperweight to hold it down, but nevertheless a play that is still performed in summer stock. What I remember about it is the scenic locale, a bathing beach. They sent away to the seaside for forty tons of sand and then the opening tryout was scheduled for Atlantic City. That's what I call "carrying sand to Atlantic City." —HOWARD DIETZ.

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The Middle East Under Microscope

Few areas of the world wrinkle the brow like the puzzling Middle East. To understand the motivations of its complex, restive peoples the equivalent of a fireside seminar is available for the thoughtful in the battle report, four studies, and novel that are discussed on this and the succeeding several pages.

One Hundred Hours

***"Sinai Victory," by S. L. A. Marshall** (Morrow. 280 pp. $5), is a loving-it account of how the Israeli Army overwhelmed the Egyptians in a hundred hours' combat.* SR's *reviewer is Dana Adams Schmidt, former Middle East reporter for* The New York Times.

By Dana Adams Schmidt

BRIGADIER GENERAL S. L. A. Marshall is in love with the Israeli Army. That's what makes his book so vivid, lively, and authentic; that also is why it is totally uncritical.

For years this officer of the United States Army had been preaching physical toughness and rigorous training; risk, daring, boldness; instant decision, initiative, and improvisation on the battlefield; and movement, movement, movement. His doctrines had developed over a career beginning as the youngest shavetail in the U.S. Army of World War I, going on as Army historian in Europe in World War II, and as Infantry Operations Analyst in Korea. He had argued his points as military critic for *The Detroit News* and author of such works as "Pork Chop Hill" and "The River and the Gauntlet."

And then he discovered, and loved, the army of Israel, which actually did the things his doctrines called for. Here was an army whose officers might appear in striped civilian socks, whose privates might or might not shave, or salute, and whose generals were known to all by their nicknames. But it defeated an "overgunned, overmanned" Egyptian army in Sinai in 100 hours.

How did the Israeli Army accomplish this feat? General Marshall tells us in terms of pictures of the fire-fighting, bright, rather simply written stories of men desperately pushing trucks through heavy sand; charging madly aboard their half tracks; wrestling with the Egyptians in hand-to-hand combat for cave positions on the sides of a desert pass; picking their way through mine-fields under fire; racing for Sharm-el-Sheikh at the tip of the peninsula.

He tells it in terms of the Army's leaders, whom he found infinitely to his liking: the roly-poly paratrooper general with the genius for improvisation and recovery from his own mistakes; the colonel with the Prussian manner; the colonel whose talkativeness earned him the nickname "mouth."

And he tells it a little in terms of the weakness of the enemy. For instance, the colonel at Sharm-el-Sheikh who spent the last hour of combat with a batman packing and loading a jeep for his ride into captivity. Much worse, the commander of the garrison at Umm Shihan who, when he saw all was lost, sent his men off on a suicidal trek across the desert "every man for himself." Israeli observation planes watched.

They saw masses of men staggering, crawling, and reeling around crazily as if drunk or stone-blind. They saw many of these men fall face forward in the sands, lie still and not rise again. They saw bodies already partly buried by the drift and could not tell whether they were alive or dead.

—From "Egypt in Transition."

A Cairo peasant boy picking cotton.

In summary, General Marshall says the Israelis achieved their victory "by extending the limits of military daring. Hitting forces traveled farther over more formidable country in less time than any other combat body in history."

They did it also thanks to training which is "more rigorous, puts heavier emphasis on field combat exercises, and makes heavier demands on the physical power of the individual than in the United States Army."

Finally, he is sure, they did it thanks to leadership. Leadership of men like Yigael Yadin with a mind "like a fine diamond," who "had the faith to believe that the fate of a nation, even in our day, may be more safely entrusted to a citizen army than confined to a professional machine."

Beyond that General Marshall gropes for larger explanations—comradeship, spiritual purpose. But they are, after all, beyond his reach.

Nasser Land Now

***"Egypt in Transition," by Jean and Simonne Lacouture;** translated by Francis Scarfe (Criterion. 532 pp. $7.50), is an updated edition in English of a work published two years ago in France. Its value is considered by Charles Issawi, who wrote "Egypt at Mid-Century: An Economic Survey."*

By Charles Issawi

THE original French edition of this book, *"L'Egypte en Mouvement,"* published at the end of 1956, unfortunately attracted very little notice in the United States. The publication of an English version has provided a second chance, which should not be missed by anyone interested in the Near East. For it can safely be said that this is the best book yet written on post-revolutionary Egypt. The authors, who spent several years as newspaper correspondents in Egypt, combine the flair and powers of observation of first-class journalists with a great capacity for understanding the basic social forces at work and a purely French talent for expressing themselves lucidly, elegantly, and pungently. To this should be added

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an exceptional gift for human sympathy and an ability to present as undistorted a picture as one can reasonably expect.

The core of the book consists of an analysis of Egypt's political structure and of its foreign policy since 1952. This is introduced by a long, illuminating historical survey and followed by a very good study of economic, social, and cultural problems. The Suez crisis is examined in detail and chapters added to the English edition bring the narrative up to the proclamation of the United Arab States.

The authors' insight and understanding of the Near East may be illustrated by a few quotations: "It is common to be contemptuous of public opinion in Egypt, whereas in fact it is very much alive, sensitive, and demanding." Or "Westerners are too inclined to take only material factors into account when assessing the opinion or outlook of the Eastern masses. 'They are a bit hungrier, therefore . . .,' the argument runs. But we ought to pay more attention to the longing for dignity and the horror of humiliation which have haunted Egyptians, Tunisians, or Persians for so many generations."

Nor do they hesitate to express their views on persons and policies. Thus, on United States policy in 1955 and 1956: "By having tried to catch Egypt in the net of an arms deal, Washington had lost the game for the time being. The Pentagon zealots, the most shortsighted of the Senators, and the Israeli Lobby, had won the struggle, and much the same happened over the issue of the High Dam." Or on Abdel Nasser: "Have we to admit, as the English moralists say, that 'if power corrupts, absolute power corrupts absolutely'?"

One of the few weaknesses in the book is that the authors misunderstand the basis of Egypt's Pan-Arab policy. For them the Arabs "might be exacting clients for Egypt, but not reliable allies. Egypt is carrying a burden rather than reaping a harvest." But in fact it is Egypt, with its large surplus population and few resources, which stands to gain most from a union which would give her access to the oil, land, and markets of her neighbors. There are also several minor errors of fact and interpretation, especially in the concluding pages—which bear the marks of haste—as well as numerous misspellings of Arabic words and names. Another criticism is that the English translation fails to convey the pungency of the original and that the text seems to have been revised, not for the better. But all this is of little consequence when set against the merits of this well-written, penetrating book.

Baghdad at Bay

"Iraq: Its People, Its Society, Its Culture," by George L. Harris and others *(HRAF Press-Taplinger. 350 pp. $7), provides information on the economic and social conditions in a volatile country. Our critic is Walter Z. Laqueur of the Harvard Center for Middle Eastern Studies, who edited "Middle East in Transition."*

By Walter Z. Laqueur

WHEN Arthur Young returned from France to London not long before the storm of the Bastille he went on record with what was scheduled to become one of the most famous cases of political misjudgment: A revolution in France, he declared, was virtually out of the question. The contributors to "Iraq," with commendable caution, have eschewed flat predictions in a book written before the recent dramatic events in Baghdad. They were, on the whole, aware of the tensions and the almost general dissatisfaction in the country, but they thought a revolution nevertheless unlikely. The Iraqi army was reported free from political ambitions or intrigues; the Communist Party was described as poorly organized, the rest of the opposition as split and without much influence. Hence the expectation that political stability would prevail in Iraq (provided outside forces would not intervene) and the assumption that the country would continue to fulfill its "persistent historical role as a counter to the Egyptian pretensions to Arab leadership." These basic conceptions the authors shared with many Middle Eastern experts on both sides of the Atlantic; it was one more revelation of what the late Leon Trotsky once called the curious inability of the Anglo-Saxon political genius to understand the momentum of a revolutionary situation.

It would be unfair, however, to judge the present handbook on the basis of political predictions; its main value is as a work of reference for economic and social conditions in Iraq. Of such material it contains a great amount, well arranged, properly digested, and easily readable, apart from the occasional intrusion of sociological jargon. There are extensive chapters on geographic conditions, religion, the minorities, economic development schemes, and so forth.

The discussions of the "theory of government" and the Iraqi constitution are unduly detailed; in the Middle East, and some other parts of the globe, such preoccupations are bound to remain sterile. Constitutions happen to change frequently and are, anyway, not too relevant for the interpretation of political realities. The information provided about the various Iraqi political factions is competent though not quite up to date: The Ba'ath (Renaissance) party, which emerged during the past two or three years as one of the leading forces in Baghdad, first among the opposition and now in the government, is not mentioned. A statement such as "the Communist Party of Iraq has no known direct connections with Moscow" is somewhat misleading; up to the recent coup one section of the Party's Politburo resided in a Soviet bloc capital.

At one juncture in the book the

(*Continued on page 25*)

Criminal Record

THE BODY IN THE SILO. *By Ronald A. Knox. Macmillan.* $3.25. Miles Bredon, London insurance snooper, is present at house party where corpse eventuates; reissue of 1938 yarn (originally called "Settled Out of Court") by Catholic priest (d. 1957) who won celebrity as mystery author and in other fields. Think-piece will be welcomed by devotees of figure-it-out-yourself school.

THE SILENT ONE. *By Owen Cameron. Random House.* $2.95. California lumber executive's wartime past comes home to haunt him; edgy wife's gun sees action; wild ride produces payoff. Nerve-jangler, with tots.

THE OBITUARY CLUB. *By Hugh Pentecost. Dodd, Mead.* $2.95. Big-time comedian, dying, wills estate to seven people on lottery basis; one of group is in immediate jeopardy; Grant Simon, aging New York columnist, looks through files; cops also in at solution. Author has beaten this.

THE BAD SUMMER. *By John Appleby. Washburn.* $2.95. Brash English gal flies to Cyprus to aid brother who is held as hostage by EOKA; Army intelligence and police on job too. Fine suspense number, with nice detective work, also literate portrait of conditions on most distressful island.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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Point of No Survival

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest-editorial is excerpted from a speech recently given by Dr. Brown at the University of Illinois.*

WE AMERICANS are confronted today by the very basic elementary problem of survival—survival of our nation, our freedom, our culture, our people, our civilization and of the human species itself. But our problem today differs considerably from that of Neanderthal Man when suddenly confronted by a wild beast. Then the decision was a very simple one—kill or be killed. But now, so complex has our modern industrial world become, and so dependent have we become upon the smooth functioning of the intricate network of mines and factories, that the problem of survival has been transformed into a fantastic assortment of problems—all of which are interrelated and all of which must be recognized and solved if human beings are to continue to inhabit the earth.

It seems to me that the most important requisite for survival, both of our nation and our freedom, is the formulation of long-range goals. The first of these goals involves the recognition that survival and world anarchy are incompatible, that whether we like it or not we must move toward a rule of world law or perish. We should heed the words of Alexander Hamilton when he asked, "Why was government instituted at all?" He answered, "Because the passions of men will not conform to the dictates of reason and justice without constraint." I believe that we should declare world law to be a goal, realizing fully the difficulties which lie in our path.

Our second objective should be to do everything possible to make the industrial transition in the presently underdeveloped areas of the world as smooth and as free from turmoil as possible. We should recognize that it is very much in the interest of our long-range security that starvation be eliminated in India, that her population be brought under control, and that these things happen within the framework of a democratic government. In the long run this is even more important to our security and freedom than the development of the ultimate in intercontinental ballistics missiles.

Once we recognize that long-range goals are truly requisites for survival, it becomes possible to formulate short-range goals and policies reasonably intelligently. I believe that high on the list of immediate objectives should be disarmament and control agreements under United Nations supervision and control. Equally high on the list should be the establishment, again under United Nations supervision and control, of a program of world development which is truly adequate.

Of the narrower problems which now confront our nation, I believe that of education is the most important. We have got to face the fact that we are simply not sufficiently well-educated to survive in our modern world—that the savage in the jungle was far better equipped to survive in his world than we are in ours. The savage who is not familiar with his tools and weapons and who does not understand the habits of the plants and animals about him cannot survive for long. Similarly, we who live in the complex environment of industrial civilization must understand that civilization.

I believe that we should strip our school curricula of frivolity and nonsense and eliminate from it those activities which could just as well be extra-curricular or which should be learned in the home. We should load our students with just as much solid material as they can handle. We should look upon the bright child as being our most treasured resource.

Intimately connected with the problem of education—particularly at the higher levels, is the problem of accumulating new knowledge—of research. The tasks of keeping the complex machinery of industrial society functioning, of producing raw materials from the leanest of earth-substances, of providing enough energy and power, of producing enough food for the rapidly-increasing numbers of mouths, of decreasing the rate of population growth—these tasks will necessitate our accumulating knowledge in the decades ahead at a rate which is far greater than our rate of accumulation today. Whether we like it or not, we have passed a major point-of-no-return and have become completely dependent upon our science and our technology for our personal and cultural survival.

IT seems to me that on matters like this we have a great deal of soul-searching to do and quite a few questions to ask ourselves. And the answers to these questions may well determine whether man continues to inhabit our planet. We Americans own 50 per cent of the world's wealth, yet we account for little more than 6 per cent of its population. We own 29 per cent of the world's railroad mileage, 71 per cent of its automobiles, and 52 per cent of its radios. We produce more food than we can eat. Yet in the midst of this material wealth, life somehow has lost purpose and meaning. We have become selfish, fat, conceited, soft, and lazy. Where once we were doers, we are now viewers. Where once we fought for freedom and democracy, we now take it for granted—or, even worse, ignore it.

Where lies America's destiny? What kind of a world do we want to leave behind for our children and for the generations which will follow them? What kind of a world do we, ourselves, want to inhabit? What outlooks and actions are necessary if we are to set our sights beyond those which our daily press, the world of advertising, and our politicians set for us? What outlooks and actions are necessary if purpose and meaning are to be brought back into our lives?

—HARRISON BROWN.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

JUSTICE QUIZ

"A GALLERY of Justices," by Fred Rodell (*SR* Nov. 15), could be expanded. I have a little quiz for my fellow-readers.

1. What are the names of the two Chief Justices who resigned their office?
2. Who was the Chief Justice of whom Theodore Roosevelt wrote, "His name should be branded with infamy"?
3. Which Chief Justice denounced his predecessor?
4. Which Chief Justice was not confirmed by the Senate?
5. Which Chief Justice had a father who murdered a man?
6. Which Chief Justice swore in six Presidents?
7. Which Chief Justice defended, in a murder trial, the young woman who afterward married Gouverneur Morris?

ROY G. FITZGERALD.

Dayton, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Answers below.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Go away! Christmas was over two days ago!"

NO TALENT FOR GOVERNMENT

REFERRING TO Fred Rodell's article on the Supreme Court and its Justices (*SR* Nov. 15), may I express a dissent from his views as to the Court's proper function. The Founding Fathers wisely delegated all legislative powers to the Congress, an elective body chosen by the people. They did not see fit to delegate those powers to any small group of appointed individuals, who might, or might not, be qualified and might even be arrogant, opinionated, and swayed by shallow emotionalism.

Mr. Rodell disparages "Lawmanship," by which it is to be assumed he means adherence to the Constitution and its limitations, and exalts what he terms "statesmanship," apparently meaning action by the Court, overstepping its Constitutional authority to impose policies which belong exclusively within the jurisdiction of Congress. He says the proper qualification for a Justice "is not the too-often-narrowing knowledge of the niceties of legal doctrine, so much as a tough-minded talent for government" and speaks with admiration of the "result-minded, bold-stroke drive of a Field or a Warren." He does not mention common-sense as a desirable attribute.

Looking at the present Court, of which Mr. Warren is Chief Justice, we surely find the freedom from legal doctrine, which Mr. Rodell admires, in its pernicious distortion of the Clayton Act in punishing the well-behaved (but unfortunately successful) DuPont Corporation for an offense which it admittedly never had committed, and which there was no slightest evidence that it ever would commit. On the same theory, the Court might seek to consign our entire population to jail, and thereby "arrest in its incipience" any inclination to crime in the United States. At the other extreme we might note its resort to the most pettyfogging and picayunish technicalities in setting free confessed rapists, Communists, and all kinds of vicious criminals. There are those who think that these attitudes do not represent a "talent for government" even were the Court authorized to exercise it.

JOHN N. STALKER.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

DISAPPEARING POISON

REMBRANDTS DO PAY DIVIDENDS and so do paintings by Braque (not Bracque as A. Wilfred May spelled it [*SR* Dec. 6]). Paintings by Signac (not Seignac as it is spelled in your erudite journal) are sources of pleasure to many. Pissarro is a great source of enjoyment to many (I never heard of Pissaro), even though I like to split my infinitives and their "scarity value" must come from a scarcity of c's in your composing room.

A Hollywood producer once told me when I asked him why he collects: "I collect for the three P's: Pleasure, Profit, and Prestige." And what is wrong with that? What, by the way, has happened to the "real investments" of that clever banking firm of Medici, Inc. in that little old town of Florence? Where is the real estate? Where are the millions? Where is the poison?

FRANK PERLS.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

WORD OF REPENTANCE

MAY I HAVE SPACE for just a word of repentance for seeming to include all journalism professors in my sentence about "the picayune nonsense of journalism professors" which I contrasted with the realism of the Alsops' book (*SR* Nov. 22). Such a shotgun blast was uncalled for and I am unhappy to find that some journalism teachers for whose work I have high respect felt included. I owe them an apology.

LOUIS M. LYONS,
Office of the Curator,
Nieman Foundation for Journalism.

Cambridge, Mass.

NEXT TO N.V.P.

IT IS TYPICAL of Mortimer Adler's pompously superficial mind that he has neglected to include in his irreducible list (*SR* Nov. 15) the 103rd idea; namely, "The Class of Ideas Outside This List." And when, oh when will Adler and his addlepated cronies stop trying to sell education? Education is a duty, a right, and a privilege, not a breakfast-food. After this, if Mortimer comes up with any more such motley word-collections, please send him someplace where he can be appreciated. Try getting him some space next to Norman Vincent Peale in *Look* Magazine.

DAN DUNCAN.

Seattle, Wash.

ANSWERS TO "JUSTICE QUIZ"

1. John Jay and Oliver Ellsworth were the two Chief Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court who resigned.
2. Oliver Ellsworth (1745-1807), of Connecticut, favored the free importation of Negro slaves from Africa, "because the slaves died so fast in the sickly rice swamps of the South." (Theodore Roosevelt, in his Life of Gouverneur Morris, says Ellsworth's name "should be branded with infamy.")
3. Chief Justice John Rutledge scathingly denounced his immediate predecessor, John Jay, because of the unsatisfactory treaty with England which Jay had negotiated.
4. John Rutledge served as Chief Justice some months and died before he could be confirmed by the Senate.
5. and 6. Roger B. Taney, Chief Justice from 1830 to 1864, swore in six Presidents. His father murdered a guest in his home and fled from the law.
7. John Marshall, with Patrick Henry, successfully defended Ann Carey, charged with Richard Randolph with the murder of their bastard child in Cumberland County, Virginia. She afterward married Gouverneur Morris.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

The Great Gielgud

SIR JOHN GIELGUD, whom many regard as the world's greatest player of Shakespeare, and who everyone agrees is the world's finest speaker of Shakespearean or any other kind of verse, will put his skills and his courage to the supreme test when he invades New York this week for a four-week engagement at the Forty-Sixth Street Theatre. Standing alone onstage, in a dinner jacket, he will speak some thirty-three excerpts from Shakespeare's plays and sonnets in three forty-minute chunks, the whole program to be titled "Shakespeare's Ages of Man."

This is the most difficult kind of performance an actor can be asked to give, for there is no continuity of narrative to hold the audience's attention, no time to allow feeling to grow naturally from a set of dramatic provocations. Indeed, Sir John himself had great misgivings about touring this program, which had been worked up for one special performance in England. "Still, it's gone very well," says the actor, who has just completed a pre-Broadway tour of some seventy stops in Canada and the United States. "And it gives me the chance to do so many of my favorite speeches that I could never do otherwise."

For instance, Sir John includes a speech by Othello, but would not consider ever performing the role because he feels he has the wrong sort of voice and quality for that character. He also does a few lines of Romeo, a part that he played with great success in his youth, but which hardly suits an actor in his middle fifties.

"When I was young I just flung myself into the role," he explains, "but now, when I know better how to play it, I can't. What I do is not really perform it but to indicate how I feel it ought to be played."

Sir John decided against jazzing the program up in any way and has kept it all artless, with simple, informal introductions to each speech, rather than risk using cutely clever or pretentious commentary. However, he has arranged his assortment of excerpts in such a way that the program will have variety, and not become overloaded with heavy or pompous material: "I had to cut out Cardinal Wolsey's death speech, which I love, but there were just too many deaths, sleeps, and farewells."

The strain of such an arduous two-hour performance each evening, immediately preceded by an average of six hours a day traveling (his theme song is "This is mein Hertz"), has been tremendous. On the other hand, there is probably no actor on the stage today with such a passion for giving himself to an audience, and his associates are constantly amazed at the transformation that occurs between five o'clock, when the crumpled traveler arrives at a new destination, and eight o'clock, when the fresh and buoyant actor takes the stage. During the whole tour he hasn't had the suspicion of laryngitis despite the hazards of changing climate and the adapting of his delivery to halls ranging from 600 to 4,500 seats. Part of the reason for this is his exceptional vocal equipment. But part of his secret is never letting the tensions of performance affect the vocal mechanism. "Actually," he says, "the strain of this is in the concentration, not in the voice."

ANOTHER phenomenon that those who have worked with Sir John on this tour have found remarkable is that he never gives a bad performance, although, of course, some nights have been better than others. "I try not to think of the peak moments and just trust that the audience and I will find them together sometimes," he says. "But I work very hard in the preparation to construct the scaffolding of each speech, so that whether or not we reach those peak moments the pattern and the musical shape of the lines will always be there."

Despite his strong belief in technique, Gielgud feels there is a danger in allowing a performance to become overtechnical. "I think the make-believe 'Macbeth' I did when I was in my twenties was better understood by audiences," he says, "than the one I did when I was forty. In that one I was considering the technical means too carefully. And I think the same thing happened to my 'Hamlet.'"

New Yorkers will soon have their opportunity to see for themselves in capsule form this great actor's approach to his favorite Shakespearean roles. And while the technique will be marvelous to watch, Sir John will only consider himself successful to the extent that he can make his audience forget that it exists.

—HENRY HEWES.

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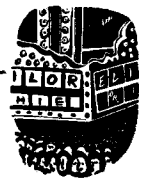


SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Is the Play the Thing?

NO LESS than four new films—two American, one English, one French—have been derived from plays that, whatever their other deficiencies, can certainly be called "good theatre." This means that, in one way or another, their authors have skilfully managed the techniques of the stage to achieve whatever effect on an audience they had in mind. While I should be the last to maintain that turning a play into a movie is an artistic impossibility, each of these stage-based works reveals some of the specific difficulties.

"Separate Tables," for example, on the stage was essentially a *tour de force* for two enormously skilled actors, Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton. Two separate playlets were united by a common setting, a few minor characters, and the fact that the two stars appeared in different roles in the two episodes. The penetrating camera, however, would scarcely permit such a subterfuge; four stars—Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, and Burt Lancaster—now shine where formerly but two glittered. Even so, I found myself wondering how long it would take before Miss Kerr, playing a painfully shy, mother-dominated girl, would comb out her hair, paint on some lipstick, and blossom forth into the attractive young woman we know her to be. This is not merely captious: Miss Kerr, heaven knows, is one of the ablest actresses we have around. But the camera, peering beneath the make-up, tells us at every moment that we are seeing an able actress acting—just as it tells us with brutal frankness that in Burt Lancaster we have a not-so-able actor acting.

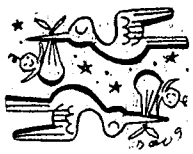
The trouble with "Separate Tables," however, is more fundamental than this. Certainly, in level of performance, thanks to the supporting work of Wendy Hiller, Gladys Cooper, and Cathleen Nesbitt, it outranks most of the competition. But to construct a screenplay, Terence Rattigan has shuffled his two plays together, condensing into less than twenty-four hours events that had been separated by months on the stage. The effect is just a trifle too tidy for the free-ranging film form.

George Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, writes quite another kind of play. Where Rattigan deals in emotions, and hence must make his people come alive to project those emotions, Shaw is concerned primarily with ideas, and has always created characters who live primarily as efficient mouthpieces for highly specific points of view. To act Shaw realistically, naturalistically, would be disastrous; he demands style, even stylization. And that is precisely what he gets in Anatole de Grunwald's polished production of **"The Doctor's Dilemma,"** where Leslie Caron, fetchingly gowned by Cecil Beaton, heads an expert English cast that includes Dirk Bogarde, Alastair Sim, Robert Morley, Felix Aylmer, and John Robinson—men who can handle Shaw's delicious ironies with the requisite degrees of wit, intelligence, and precision. The curious thing here—aside from the inexplicable omission of the famous last line, Shaw's final ironic twist—is that whenever the camera stands still and permits Shaw's lines to dominate, the intellectual vigor of his work carries the film. But every once in awhile, as when the tubercular artist is twitting the four great physicians who have assembled to cure him, director Anthony Asquith remembers that he is making a movie and sets his camera to roaming restlessly around the room—with the result that Shaw momentarily disappears in a welter of ladders, balustrades, and bric-a-brac.

MORTON DACOSTA, who directed **"Auntie Mame"** on the stage, has wisely stuck fairly close to his original stage business in bringing that irrepressible character to the screen. Rosalind Russell still swoops up and down the stairs of her Beekman Place apartment, gesticulates with wide sweeps of her king-sized cigarette holder, tosses her head and bats her eyes with unbridled vehemence. But many of her actions and reactions, projected on the wide screen either in mid-shot or close-up, seem to be simply pasted in. The line of her movement is broken by the need to simulate cinematic movement through editing. The result, even with the dynamic Miss Russell on the screen most of the time, is a disturbingly static picture—made all the more so by the script's few attempts to broaden out the play with scenes of a fox hunt or a dinner party in a gadget-filled room with all the machinery gone berserk. "Auntie Mame" is still good fun, but the pace of the film never touches the wild frivolity of the stage version.

For a while, Jean-Paul Sartre seemed closer to the right track in his adaptation (or, more accurately, revision) of Arthur Miller's "Crucible" into **"Witches of Salem."** The early part of the film breaks completely not only with Miller's concept (Sartre emphasizes the sexual motivations of the characters), but with the play's structure as well. Salem of 1692 is seen as fields, rough cabins, austere churches, not merely sensed in lines of dialogue. But gradually, as Sartre grows more polemical, his angle of vision narrows down to words and faces. The words are important, the faces eloquent, but the sweep and passion that might have turned this into a searing experience have vanished from the screen.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BIRTHMATES

For each British writer in Column One below there is one in Column Two who shares his year of birth. Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri, asks you to resolve this confusion. Answers on page 26.

1.	Joseph Addison	( )	Arnold Bennett	( )	1564
2.	Jane Austen	( )	Thomas Carlyle	( )	1573
3.	Robert Browning	( )	Arthur Conan Doyle	( )	1593
4.	John Galsworthy	( )	Charles Dickens	( )	1672
5.	A. E. Housman	( )	John Donne	( )	1771
6.	Ben Jonson	( )	Edward FitzGerald	( )	1775
7.	John Keats	( )	George Herbert	( )	1795
8.	Walter Scott	( )	Charles Lamb	( )	1809
9.	William Shakespeare	( )	Christopher Marlowe	( )	1812
10.	George Bernard Shaw	( )	Sydney Smith	( )	1856
11.	Alfred Tennyson	( )	Sir Richard Steele	( )	1859
12.	Izaak Walton	( )	Oscar Wilde	( )	1867

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Gedda, Gobbi, and "Gioconda"—New Symphonies

NO TENOR ever made a reputation singing Lenski in Tchaikovsky's "Eugene Onegin," but Nicolai Gedda notched his own local repute a few pegs higher after he took on the part last week. As he demonstrated as Anatol in "Vanessa," Gedda has an uncanny ability to assume the shape, appearance, and attitude of such amorphous characters. This makes him, of course, a valuable exception to the more usual kind of operatic tenor who shapes everything to his own appearance and attitudes, amorphous or otherwise.

Beginning with a compelling hairpiece which looked even better from the back than it did from the front, Gedda was in all respects the moody, idealistic, irresolute character who follows a bent for self-destruction to a fatal duel with his best friend. The music lies well for him, and he sings it beautifully (with crisp enunciation of the English text) in a narrative, non-demonstrative way. Gedda's voice is an implement rather than an instrument, but with it he carved some affecting phrases up to and including a version of Lenski's plaintive air, which not merely held the empty stage successfully but aroused an applause usually reserved for something more high-pressured. His finely flexible response to its lovely line even made one suspect he had been trained as a musician before becoming an opera-singer.

The production was otherwise as last year (William Wilderman was an unscheduled replacement for Giorgio Tozzi as Prince Gremin), meaning that Rolf Gerard's scenery and the direction of Peter Brook were both good to see. What was heard varied in quality from the staunchly caddish Onegin of George London to the somewhat floppy Tatiana of Lucine Amara. Rosalind Elias as Olga doesn't sound as good blonde as she does brunette, an oddity applicable also to Martha Lipton as Madame Larina. On reacquaintance, the "musical interludes" derived from various parts of the score and played between four scenery changes are more of a liability than an asset, adding to the length of an expression hardly succinct to begin with. The musical direction of Dimitri Mitropoulos sharpens the point of some orchestral detail but doesn't bind voices and instruments together as one imagines they could be. Taken together, the venture adds to a broad knowledge of operatic writing, for which the credit belongs, in the first place, to Rudolf Bing's personal predilection for it.

HAVING successfully survived the test of second-degree operatic villainy as Scarpia in "Tosca," Tito Gobbi showed himself of first-degree qualifications as Iago in an "Otello" with Renata Tebaldi and Mario del Monaco which commemorated the 150th anniversary of the publishing firm of G. Ricordi. Gobbi's least effective act was the first, for what he commands in vocal resource does not make much of an impression in its "Brindisi" with chorus. But he drew the lines of character with increasing detail from the "Credo" of Act II on, blending a keen sense of vocal color with apt facial play and word emphasis. For this, we sacrifice much of the vocal beauty that Leonard Warren brings to the music, but it is a resource of opera that its great parts can take a little, give a little, and still gain something from any proper emphasis put upon them. It was, otherwise, much the same kind of "Otello" as before, with Miss Tebaldi in particularly good voice from the start and del Monaco's concessions to finesse better manipulated. The conductor was again Fausta Cleva.

A GENERALLY Warrenless week provided opportunity for Robert Merrill's first Barnaba in "Gioconda," with this fine singer shaping the part to a successful mold of his own. It was more than a matter of skilful vocalizing, for that is to be expected of him even in such a test as "O Monumento!" Rather, it was the zest and animation he imparted to the character which gave a lift to the "Ah, pescator" chorus at the beginning of Act II, and set off a chain reaction which culminated in destruction of the good ship *Hecate* by fire, even though the torch flung into it by Richard Tucker as Enzo Grimaldi was, painfully, a dud. Along the way were Tucker's beautiful projection of "Cielo e mar," a triumph of artistic tenorizing, an unexpectedly strong effort by Nell Rankin in Laura's "Deh! non turbare" and the prayer "Stella del Marinar," and a strong if not always accurate Gioconda by Zinka Milanov. Even though the latter walked in on Laura's applause, the freedom and strength of the low and high range which aroused it should give Miss Rankin the confidence she needs to make the best use of these resources in the future. Giorgio Tozzi (Alvise) and Belen Amparan (La Vecchia) completed a cast which, if not all-star, was all strong, a mixtur more potent than "Gioconda" has ha for some time.

What this opera needs, of course, is a production to take the place of one which has been in service for three-and-a-half decades. There were several steps in this direction in the ballet sequence designed by Alexandra Danilova and danced, under her supervision, with more style than is customary with this group, but this is only a beginning. Also to be noted during the operatic week was the debut of a Bulgarian-born tenor Dimiter Uzunov as José in Carmen. A youngish man of pleasant features and plausible physique, Uzunov's sound was of reasonable size for the big house, but without much vibrance or distinctive timbre.

HOW Mario del Monaco would sound as a singer of Wagner ("In fernem land" from "Lohengrin") had to yield place to how Leopold Stokowski made an orchestra sound in a program they shared in Carnegie Hall for the benefit of Boys' Towns of Italy, Inc. The orchestra was called the Symphony of the Air, which can mean anything. How Stokowski made it sound in Respighi's "Pines of Rome" made truth of the truism that there are no great orchestras, only great conductors.

With the personnel grouped according to his latest preference—basses and celli on raised platforms at left rear, strings in an arc before him, with two desks of violas at his right and the weaker woodwinds beside them—Stokowski evoked a sound of almost tangible mass and resonance, homogeneity and strength. There has, certainly, been no such "Pines" since Toscanini's last performance, nor such a majestically built crescendo. It crested like a wave but never splattered noise instead of musical sound.

For his part del Monaco raised some lusty sounds in two favorite arias from lesser-known Verdi works: "Quando le sere placido" from "Luisa Miller" and "Ah! la paterna mano" from "Macbeth." Neither exhausted the opportunities for subtlety in their measures, for within the live frame of Carnegie there seemed at least two del Monacos for every listener. In his first venture here into Wagner, del Monaco made a more than diligent effort to modulate his sound for the purposes of the opening recitative (not too well supported), marked the

(*Continued on page* 45)

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TV AND RADIO

The Producer's the Villain

FOR the advertiser, television is purely and simply a means to an end, a tool of distribution. If Westerns work, he will buy Westerns.

He will buy them till the public regurgitation eliminates the slip-shod carbons of the original good ones and the producers offer him some other seemingly sure-fire elixir. By the same yardstick he will buy private-eye series, quiz shows, and family comedies. The nuances of what makes some comedies, Westerns, melodramas and quiz shows skilled, inventive, imaginative products and others clap-trap, beltline imitations of their peers are not his concern. He buys what the producers offer, choosing the show that in terms of past experience, ratings, and research seems to offer the best chance and the least risk in achieving a substantial audience, at a reasonable cost per thousand homes reached. And the potential evil this philosophy represents as a programming way of life will come to pass only if television's own producing fraternity accepts these standards as the final ones.

Far too many producers are showing unmistakable signs of a drift in that direction. I have recently had occasion to review the production plans of a representative group of independent producers. The Westerns continue to flow in as like as peas in a pod, with minor variations. The family comedies devoid of bite and invention; the private eye and crime series with all white heroes and all black villains, peppered with blows and bedrooms; the anthologies indistinguishable in concept and undoubtedly in execution, are all overly abundant. A few hardy souls, possessed of more courage than wisdom, are even peddling quiz shows.

Undoubtedly, some of these creatively under-nourished items will end up on the air. But those of us who have a genuine dedication to seeing television prosper by fulfilling its gargantuan potential should be very busy trying to prevent it.

We should be damning them as shoddy in the marketplace, straining with every resource at our command to create offerings more worthy. This does not mean scoffing at the forms. It does mean insistence that the substance be fresh, the concept unique, the writing crisp and painstaking, the direction truly creative and the total production one which can hold its head up in comparison with the best of its kind in all the entertainment arts.

It means caring enough, having enough pride and determination to work and work and work some more to guarantee that the end product is as close to perfection as possible. It is part and parcel of such productions as "Playhouse 90," Ed Murrow's and Fred Friendly's "Small World," a spectacular such as Fred Astaire's memorable hour, "Twentieth Century," David Susskind's recent production of "The Winslow Boy," Hallmark's "Hall of Fame," and the sustained excellence of "Have Gun Will Travel" and "Gunsmoke," the granddaddy and still champion of the Westerns.

It seems entirely relevant that all of these productions were sponsored and they either gave or are giving full measure of satisfaction to the people who foot the bills. They represent a wide variety of program types, practically the full gamut. Common to them all is a high level of professional excellence, taste and uniqueness. And they're paid for.

Television's greatest hope for attaining its perceivable maturity lies in having those who have the power to do it ceaselessly encourage and sell the wares of talents such as those responsible for the solid accomplishments noted above, relentlessly expose and deprecate the offerings of cynical second-raters to whom quality and a burning zeal for distinguished as well as popular success are incomprehensible goals.

These are the only antidotes to program schedules whose hallmark is blandness, mediocrity, and the mixture as before.

TELEVISION has some housekeeping of its own to do before it jabs its electronic finger at the people who finance it and look at it. It will be a hard fight and a lonely one. The harrowing process of creativity, of genuine insistence on a high-level of standards and unwavering adherence to them inevitably puts the bigger battalions on the wrong side. But there is a sturdy body of evidence the numerical underdogs have the sharper weapons. The battle can be won.

—HUBBELL ROBINSON, JR.
Executive Vice President in Charge of Network Programs, CBS-TV.

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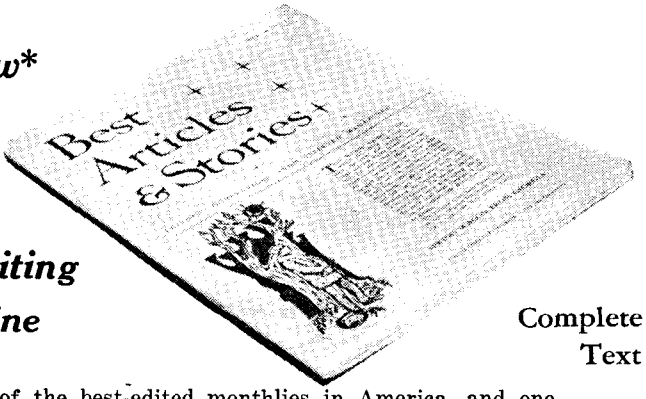

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FICTION

The Terrible Awareness of Time

"The Blind Owl," by Sadegh Hedayat; *translated by D. P. Costello (Grove. 130 pp. $3.50. Evergreen. Paper, $1.45), is a strange, poetic novel about obsession and eventual madness, written by a modern Persian existentialist. William Kay Archer of Hunter College, who discusses the book below, lived in the Middle East, where he taught linguistics.*

By William Kay Archer

POSSIBLY some understanding of the forces of change at work in Asia might be gained from reading "The Blind Owl." Nor is it insolent to urge that statesmen fumbling at policy could profitably turn to the maturity and despair of Sadegh Hedayat.

Not insolent but dangerous. For it might threaten this moving work of art with the type of outrage now being inflicted on "Doctor Zhivago." Even in the short run, there is more to be gained than that from this haunting and frightening Iranian novel.

"The Blind Owl" is a nearly but not quite surrealistic story of the descent into madness of a poor painter of pen cases, and his repeated encounters in time and dream with a taunting old man, and with a dying girl with magnificent eyes, eyes such as are given to the maidens painted on pen cases. She is his love and his obsession. Surely the parable (or symbolism or myth, or whatever you choose to call it) is there: the artist of a declining and trivial craft meeting and meeting again with age, young love, madness, and death. But in the meticulous description and aureate language there is something else: the especially Persian sense of that beautiful quality which, without mysticism, poetry has but prose has not.

Sadegh Hedayat was a greatly gifted man. He wrote sensitive short stories, plays, studies of folklore and popular poetry and, most importantly, poetry. In the Persian tradition, he was acutely sensitive to the shades and graces of the marvelously expressive Persian language. He was aware of a great infinitude behind him. It was part of his gift that he had, with all the defects of its virtues, that terrible Persian awareness of time, of the past, of the direct burden of a great and antique culture. Despite its French influences, "The Blind Owl" is, above all, deeply Iranian.

As such, it makes shoddy most of our casual generalizations about "the Middle East," not excluding our respect for a never-encountered oozy mystique. This is a product of that world of Firdausi and Hafiz and Omar Khyyám and other names we neither read nor recognize, which reached out and continues to reach out its seminal force as far as Turkey, as far as India, and has, in its time, reached farther still.

Yet there are dangers in store for "The Blind Owl." It is susceptible to adoption by the coterie readers: tired of Vivaldi, fearing Beckett optimistic, wearying of Zen, they may easily find their newest *frisson* in this macabre Iranian sensibility, heightened by the author's romantic suicide in—how appropriate!—Paris. In the morbid, exhausted, depressing, anguished, frightful story itself, they may be overpowered by the oil lamp smell of Poe and Baudelaire, and in the filigree, arabesque, and inlay of the prose, a Scheherazade orientalism. Then, too, the book's covers tout it as an "existentialist" novel, and Hedayat's friendship with Sartre is remarked. Indeed, even the sober reader of this American edition cannot avoid the troubling feeling that he is reading something translated from French.

Unhappily, he is right. This version was drawn from a French translation, which perhaps accounts for the inadequacies of the style, and particularly the destruction of the central metaphor which gave the book its title. Nevertheless, though less than a perfect introduction to Hedayat, its fundamental quality is indestructible. Like the architecture of colored tile and elaborate design which is the great Persian invention, detail and decoration are held together and enhanced by form and graceful outline. Even this black-and-white photograph tells us much.

I am not sure whether "The Blind Owl" is a harbinger of that Iranian renascence foreseen by Professor A. J. Arberry, or an early product of it. It is, however, a suggestion of the mutant, international, and rather wonderful thing the novel is yet becoming, and of the revival of Asian gifts in new form. (The first Iranian novel, in our sense, only appeared about 1916.)

Sensibility, wit, and thoughtfulness, after all, are not geographical. Surely, if ever Kipling's silly and wrongly-quoted jingle had meaning (and it is curious that Christians and Jews should ever dare quote it), the meeting is now long-since transacted, and its consequences have been fruitful. Politics here may only deceive and delay us. In such a light this novel, like the great Indian novels of R. K. Narayan, carries a moral burden unintended by its author. It becomes a didactic tract about the nature of our particular world. As such, it should not be overlooked by the American reader whose concern for Asia is deeper and more realistic than the Dr. Suzuki bit of the Co-Existence Bagel Shop.

No reader, I think, will be bored by

Pick of the Paperbacks

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"The Blind Owl" nor left unhorrified at its end, though his literary judgment may be more reserved than mine. But the imperative to read it is other than literary. It is to confirm for us, once again, the affirmation contained in a gentle couplet of Hedayat's seventeenth-century compatriot, Sa'ib of Isphahan: "All this chatter about religion and infidels at the last leads to one place,/Only the interpretations differ, the dream is the same dream."

DOWNEASTER: Charles H. Knickerbocker, the author of **"Juniper Island"** (Random House, $4.95), is a practising physician in Bar Harbor, Maine, which is very roughly the scene of his story. His treatment of birth and death and intervening ills is authentic, and there are some competent notes on marine life; his view of human activities on the Maine coast, however, is highly melodramatic. If one can imagine a robust (as the blurb has it) tale of millionaires and hard-bitten fishermen first translated into a Hollywood cinema and then re-translated into a 300-page novel, one might have some idea of what a curious mixture of clichés, sensationalism, artificiality, theatricality, and good intentions it is.

At the beginning of the tale a millionaire encounters a fisherman: it is 1895, and the deal is about to take place by which Juniper Island will be transformed into a resort. The fisherman, Thomas Rast, is defined as a tough, cantankerous, one-legged downeaster. After a drink or two he remarks to his new acquaintance, "And now, I figger, you're dying to inquire how I lost my leg." The shape and ring of the speech might remind one of the Rover Boys.

The difficulty is that, as a novelist, Dr. Knickerbocker has not learned his trade. His ear for dialogue is faulty, his dramatic structure is loose and diffuse, and his characters are pushed around like counters on a board. Even his local detail fails to ring true.

What comes through in the novel, in spite of its failings, is an entertaining lustiness. Here and there old Thomas Rast may sound like a Rover Boy, but he survives the worst his creator can do to him. His courtship and marriage to the prim teacher is delightful; his watching over her in her mortal sickness is poignant, and the final sight of him at her grave holding off the county medical officer with a shotgun brings tears to the eyes. It seems clear that in such a scene Dr. Knickerbocker, who is Medical Examiner for Hancock County, knows whereof he writes.

—Gerald Warner Brace.

Enigmatic Lands

Continued from page 17

possibility of a coup d'état is envisaged, and the writer makes the shrewd suggestion that whether such a military regime would be politically Left or Right is problematical and would depend upon political conditions at the time. He ought to have added that "Left" and "Right" have ceased to make sense in the Middle East for some time now; a pro-Soviet orientation in foreign affairs does not necessarily imply a Left-wing policy at the home front. The author believes, furthermore, that if power were taken over by the Iraqi military establishment it would most likely be conservative and strongly nationalist at first, but would, in the course of time, and under the pressure of the younger officers, move to the Left.

This stage of development has now been reached, and the younger officers are not the only ones to exert pressure. The present national coalition is constituted of basically incompatible elements: the "integral nationalists," for whom nationalism comes first and (a strictly limited) social reform second, and the radical wing, which stands for much more far-reaching changes in the country's social structure and internal policy. (The radical wing, in its turn, is subdivided into Communist and non-Communist groups.)

The struggle for power in Baghdad is by no means over; what united the opposition and held it together was the intense wish to overthrow Nuri Said and, subsequently, the real or imaginary fear of Western intervention. By now the *ancien regime* has irrevocably disappeared, and the danger of Western intervention, if it ever existed, has likewise vanished. The stage has thus been set for another act in the contest for power in Iraq between today's partners in the "National Front." The outcome of this struggle, all over the Arab world, will probably shape the destiny of the Middle East for a long time to come; the old Iraq of Nuri Said, Abdul Illah, and Faisal was merely a fossil, a remnant of the past, which tended to obfuscate the real issues at stake. It is a very complex situation, and writers on the contemporary Middle East are not to be envied.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 810

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 810 will be found in the next issue.

MC MCHFK NMC BTQCX GZX

NBOPG MCL XGOPX

GZX QKQX.

—EMPB.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 809

No vice is so bad as advice.

—Marie Dressler.

Muslim Motion

"Islam and the Modern Age," by Ilse Lichtenstadter *(Bookman Assoc. 228 pp. $4.50), is an attempt to analyze the problems of the contemporary Muslim world in relation to its ancient foundations. Our reviewer, Professor Emil Lengyel, of New York University, is the author of several books on the Middle East, including "Turkey."*

By Emil Lengyel

THE importance of Islam in the modern world is inadequately appreciated and Professor Ilse Lichtenstadter, a student of Islamic culture for many years, attempts to fill the gap in this book. Islam is the creed of the largest number of newly independent nations, from Morocco to Indonesia—other Arab lands and Pakistan in between. Some of these countries straddle global transportation lanes, have the world's largest oil reserves and occupy strategic positions. Islamic countries have been providing a large budget of current news.

A study of the problem of the contemporary Muslim world should, therefore, be welcome, especially since the West is so poorly informed on the subject. The layman usually thinks—if he thinks about it at all—that Islam is one of the most fatalistic religions. If that is really so, what roles are the Muslim nations bound to play in the current world drama? A contention of this book is that basically Islam is uncommonly dynamic and it requires ever-renewed action from the believer. Against Western pluralism, this creed sets a strongly rooted monism. In occidental cultures today there is a separation of church and state, while in fundamental Islam the two are united. Even secular activities are sanctified

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through this link. Hence, Islam's driving force should be a constant striving for better deeds in the light of higher ideals. In Dr. Lichtenstadter's view, Islam is highly community-minded and conscious of the need of social justice.

Against this background the author analyzes some of the important theoretical views focused on Islam. She seeks to show that modern Muslim thinkers, too, have sought to link the spiritual with the secular. The philosopher Jamal ad-Din al-Afghani endeavored in the second part of the nineteenth century to link the spiritual rebirth of Islam with a revival of the Muslims' political power. More recently, Muhammed Iqbal, the most influential religious thinker in our times in Muslim India, sought to draw upon Einstein's studies to demonstrate a kind of religious-secular unified field theory. Others have made attempts to explain Koranic utterances in terms of modern physics. The leading Egyptian liberal, Taha Husain, a former Minister of Education, expressed the opinion a few years ago that in view of the common roots of the Western creeds, including Christianity and Judaism, it was natural for the Muslim world to move in harmony with the West. Perhaps it has been for this reason that, as the author points out, nationalism has been gaining the upper hand at the expense of Islam.

Dr. Lichtenstadter, when emphasizing the equalizing tendencies of early Islam, does not seem to pay sufficient attention to the degree to which the ancestors' faith may have been discarded. In Muslim lands the span between the "power elite" and the common people is frequently very great.

Also, one should not overlook the tenets that were tailored for another age. In the oil-rich sheikdom of Kuwait the adulteress is still done to death in a frighteningly cruel way. In Saudi Arabia a man who steals a bag of dates loses his hand but if he steals a million dollars he may win a cabinet post.

Even though the title of this book is "Islam and the Modern Age," the author devotes most of her attention to the beginnings and development of the creed. The tree, of course, may be known by its roots and so this book should help the reader to gain a better understanding of the East.

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Post Ottoman

"The Near East: A Modern History," by William Yale *(University of Michigan Press. 481 pp. $7.50), illuminates for Westerners an area of the world clouded by misunderstanding. One of the volumes of the History of the Modern World series, it is reviewed by Irwin Oder, a faculty member of the Department of Political Science at Brooklyn College and a student of Near Eastern affairs.*

By Irwin Oder

THE history of the Near East—the Arabic-speaking countries, Turkey, and Israel, as presented in this new book by William Yale—is known only sketchily, if at all, by most Americans. Few colleges have offered courses in the area, and relatively few works have been published which give the reader the opportunity to view the problems of the region with historical perspective. Professor Yale's book, then, is doubly welcome, for it may serve as a text for colleges, and may be looked into with profit and enjoyment by the non- or post-academic reader.

The scope of the book is wide. After preliminary (but not perfunctory) discussion of the Near East under Byzantine rule, and the rise of the Ottoman Turks, the author develops his theme: the decay and collapse of the Ottoman Empire, and the still unsettled problems which have followed the partition of the Empire after World War I. Because the Near East in the nineteenth century, even as it is today, was an area in which the rivalries and intrigues of the Great Powers played an important part, Professor Yale devotes much space to the impact of European states on Ottoman policies. For some readers, the detailed examination of the complicated situation in the Balkans in the latter half of the last century may seem rather irrelevant to a history of the Near East, but it does have a place in the mosaic of the Ottoman decline and fall. Similarly, discussion of such problems as those of Crete and Armenia may appear to be of small interest to the present-day American reader.

Yet this is one of the book's major virtues. The author has written Near Eastern history from the point of view of the area itself, not primarily with an eye to the problems of adjustment of Western interests to Arab nationalism, the Arab-Israeli dispute, or to any of the other major issues of Near Eastern affairs. Thus he is able to stand somewhat apart from the national concerns of any one power, and to look with a jaundiced eye on the imperialism of Britain, France, Russia, Austria, and Italy in the nineteenth century, and on the contemporary struggles of East and West for influence and control. Not that the Turks or Arabs emerge unscathed. Although sympathetic to the Near Eastern peoples, Professor Yale is not blinded to the weaknesses and corruption of the Ottoman regime, and to feuds and jealousies among the Arabs. Zionism and Israel, however, are major villains, interlopers in the Arab homeland. The United Nations must take its share of blame, as well. Yale writes about the U.N. Palestine partition resolution of 1947:

> Under the dispensation of the new world organization, the appointed representation of thirty-three governments of countries whose people knew as much about the Palestine problem as they did about Einstein's theory of relativity arrived at a decision which will affect the destiny of Near Eastern peoples for an indefinite future. . . . The fact that a majority of the U.N. Assembly at Lake Success voted that the will of a majority of the people in Palestine should be disregarded was considered a triumph in the application to world affairs of the nineteenth-century political ideal of majority rule.

The first of these statements raises the serious question of whether any similar decision of the United Nations could not be challenged on the same grounds. If so, its authority, and the principle of world organization, suffer a severe setback.

Yale's sympathies are with the underdog, the Turkish or Arab peasant mistreated for so long by the ruling landowners and bureaucrats, and, consequently, he looks upon nationalism and economic revolution as keys to the creation of a modern Near East. Skilfully, he points out how, all too often, Western policy has been oriented towards maintenance of the status quo, rather than towards encouragement of change.

To the author's credit, he treats the complex web of Near Eastern problems with admirable judiciousness; by and large, he combines calm with objectivity, not always found in discussions of a region where passions and partisanship run high.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read 4, 7, 5, 3, 6, 11, 12, 2, 9, 8, 1, 10. Column Three should read 9, 6, 12, 1, 8, 2, 7, 11, 3, 10, 5, 4.

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. . . Revolution

Continued from page 10

more exalted than that of punishing rebellion, preserving colonies, and vindicating privilege. But from the beginning the Americans were conscious of and self-conscious about what they were doing, and throughout the war their fighting was sustained by moral considerations. It was a "decent respect to the opinions of mankind" that persuaded American leaders to set forth the causes that impelled them to separation: what other people or nation had ever bothered with the opinions of mankind? And from beginning to end the Americans appealed to the judgment of posterity, confident that posterity would approve of what they were doing. "We esteem ourselves bound by obligations of respect to the rest of the world to make known the justice of our cause" said the Congress at the very outset of the struggle. "I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration and support and defend these States," wrote John Adams of the Declaration of Independence. "I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph in that day's transactions." In the last of his Crisis papers Tom Paine observed that "to see it in our power to make a world happy—to teach mankind the art of being so—to exhibit, on the theatre of the universe, a character hitherto unknown—and to have, as it were, a new creation intrusted to our hands, are honors that command reflection and can neither be too highly estimated nor too greatly received." Down in aristocratic Charleston, Judge Drayton echoed the sentiment: "Thus has suddenly arisen in the world a new empire . . . and bids fair, by the blessing of God, to be the most glorious of any upon record. America hails Europe, Asia and Africa. She proffers peace and plenty." And Washington, in his last wartime circular to the States, reminded his fellow-countrymen that "with our fate will the destiny of unborn Millions be involved."

No participant in the American Revolution was more conscious of the challenge it offered to the historian than John Adams. He recognized that before a sound history could be written—if indeed such a history could ever be written—it would be necessary to "search and collect all the records, pamphlets, newspapers, and even handbills."; it was an enterprise to which he invited Hezekiah Niles and other "young men of letters in all the States," promising them a task both "interesting and amusing." Niles himself so far followed Adams's suggestion as to bring out, four years later, a slender volume somewhat grandiosely called "Principles and Acts of the Revolution"; his purpose, he said, was "to show the feelings that prevailed in the Revolution, not to give a history of events."

A HISTORY of events was certainly a more arduous task, and clearly it could not be done until the source material had been assembled. The first undertaking of this nature was that launched by Peter Force, a journalist and printer who had fought in the War of 1812 and later served as mayor of Washington. His was the most ambitious project for collecting the documentary record of the Revolutionary period that has ever been projected. He planned, in all, six extensive series of volumes, but in fact managed to publish only nine volumes in two of the series, but each one the equivalent of five or six ordinary volumes. Yet this vast mountain of source material carried the story only through the year 1776. Had Secretary of State Marcy not churlishly cut off appropriations for further volumes—and had his own strength held out—Force would single-handed have given us a compilation like the *Acta Sanctorum,* the *Monumenta Germaniae,* or the *Jesuit Relations.*

OTHER historians of the early national period like the Rev. Jared Sparks and George Bancroft devoted themselves to transcribing, collecting, and editing the sources of the American Revolution. The indefatigable Frank Moore—who was later to exploit the Civil War—scanned the newspapers and gleaned many intriguing if unrelated items, and garnered some of the songs and ballads of the war. An extensive compilation of the diplomatic records was carried through to completion by Francis Wharton who so happily combined theology and international law, and at the end of the century the bibliophile Benjamin Franklin Stevens issued no less than twenty-five volumes of Facsimiles of Manuscripts in European Archives Relating to America, 1773-1783. More recently Edmund C. Burnett has illuminated the formal record provided in the multi-volumed Journals of the Continental Congress by compiling eight volumes of Letters, private as well as official, of its members. More valuable for our purposes than any of these somewhat fragmentary collections of sources are the voluminous writings of those men known collectively, and affectionately, as the Founding Fathers.

The source material for the history of the American Revolution differs strikingly from that available for the history of the American Civil War. For one thing, though military participation was as general in all ranks of society, literary participation was not. In the Civil War every soldier, Union and Confederate alike, seemed to carry a notebook in his knapsack and to spend his ample spare time keeping a journal or composing long letters to family and friends. Not so during the Revolution. The literary contributions from the privates of this war is meagre. In the Civil War the best accounts came from privates or minor officers—a Chauncey Cook, a Jenkins Lloyd Jones, an Augustus Buell, a Frank Haskell, a John S. Wise. But in the Revolution those who played the leading political and military roles played, too, the leading literary roles: Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, John Adams, Ethan Allen, George Rogers Clark, Nathanael Greene, and their associates. And what is true for the Americans is doubly true for the British and their German allies, where illiteracy was all but universal in the rank and file.

ANOTHER difference between the reporting of the Revolution and of later wars is in the place of the newspaper. The Revolution had no Bull Run Russell, no George Alfred Townsend, no Frank Vizetelly. Local news was often ignored by newspaper printers because everybody in the community was presumed to know what had happened. Events were normally covered not by reporters, but by letters, addressed either to the editor or the printer, or to leading figures in public life. Major political letters and essays often saw the light of day in the columns of newspapers, but seldom if ever great reporting.

Happily this inadequacy is more than compensated by the richness of other sources, and particularly of the correspondence of that group we call The Fathers. It was an age of great letter-writing—the greatest in our history (and probably in English as well); an age when letter-writing was not so much an art as second nature. The astonishing thing is not only that men like Washington and Franklin, Hamilton and Jefferson, Adams and Jay wrote so well but that they found time to write so much so well. It is at once an exhilarating and a sobering thought that the writings of this single generation of the Fathers outweighs, qualitatively, and almost quantitatively, the writings of all the leading public men of our

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history in the century and a half since their day.

Their letters bear on every page the imprint of strong personalities; they are the letters of men who were ardent, opinionated, obstinate, brave, imaginative, and eloquent, who were untroubled by doubts and misgivings, who were sure of themselves and of the cause for which they fought. They could be refreshingly indiscreet. "A certain Great Man is most damnably deficient," wrote General Charles Lee of Washington. A Congressman could give even a General a dressing-down; thus Thomas Burke told General John Sullivan after Brandywine that he was "an officer whose evil conduct was forever productive of misfortune to the army." Many a contemporary suffered from the sharp tongue and sharper pen of John Adams. "A certain great fortune and piddling genius," he wrote of poor John Dickinson, "has given a silly cast to our whole doings." Bluntest of all, when occasion merited it, was Washington himself. To General Heath, after the fiasco of Fort Independence, he wrote: "Your summons, as you did not attempt to fulfil your threat, was not only idle but farcical." To Joseph Reed he exploded, from his camp in Cambridge, that "such a dearth of public spirit, and want of virtue, such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another in this great change of military arrangement, I never saw before and pray God I may never be witness to again."

Another quality that gives these letters vitality and excitement is the sense of participation in a mighty drama that animated their authors, and with it a certain style of greatness. Whether or not Ethan Allen actually called for Ticonderoga's surrender "in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress" the remark was perfectly in character with the man, as was the answer that John Paul Jones gave to the captain of the *Serapis*: "I have not yet begun to fight," and James Mugford's dying words to his crew, "Don't give up the ship! You will beat them off!" So Benedict Arnold after the bloody repulse before Quebec, "I am in the way of my duty, and know no fear." So, too, Colonel McIntosh's reply to Colonel Fuser's demand for the surrender of Fort Morris, "Come and take it." Even the women expressed something of this sense of defiance; when a red-coat pointed his musket at nurse Sarah Tarrant of Salem, she cried, "Fire if you have the courage, but I doubt it." Alas, the women are but poorly represented. Except for a few, like the sprightly Mercy Warren or the lively Sally Wister, or the devoted Abigail Adams, they were not much given to letters, or what they wrote was not salvaged for posterity.

It was an age fired by oratory, and the echoes of some of the more memorable speeches can be caught in these pages. From the first stirring appeals in the Continental Congress down to Washington's moving rebuke to the authors of the Newburgh Resolves, oratory, English as well as American, quickened the spirit of resistance and inspired loyalty to the patriot cause. "Gentlemen may cry Peace, Peace, but there is no peace," warned Patrick Henry, and "the next gale that blew from the north" brought news of Lexington. Or listen to the mighty Edmund Burke. "An Englishman," he said, "is the unfittest person on earth to argue another Englishman into slavery." Burke could be scorching as well as defiant; note his burlesque of Burgoyne's proclamation threatening the Americans with Indian warfare: "My tender-hearted hyenas go forth!" Or listen to the boyish Marquis of Granby on American taxation: "I disavow the whole system. It is commenced in iniquity, it is pursued with resentment; and it can terminate in nothing but blood. Under whatsoever shape in futurity it may be revived . . . it shall from me meet the most constant determined, and invariable opposition." Or, finally, Washington at Newburgh: "Let me conjure you, in the name of our common country, as you value your own sacred honor, as you respect the rights of humanity, as you regard the military and national character of America, to express your utmost horror and detestation of the man who wishes under any specious pretences, to overturn the liberties of our country."

It was a literate and a literary generation, but there are, nevertheless, jagged gaps in the record: men busy fighting a war did not always find time to record it. What would we not give for Sam Adams's account of the most famous of all Tea Parties; for Washington's account of the passage of the Delaware; for Jefferson's story —contemporary not retrospective, of the writing of the Great Declaration. The military record is, on the whole, rich and full. More serious are the gaps in the non-military record. It is shocking that so few of the doctors—Benjamin Rush is almost the only exception—left a record of the medical and surgical history of the war. We have no right to expect too much of the story of espionage and counter-espionage, but what would we not give for the inner story of the baffling James Rivington, or for a circumstantial account of his change of allegiance from the pen of the gifted Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford! There are scores of prison narratives, but almost all of them melodramatic; there are—in the orders of Washington and his generals —hundreds of items on discipline, but nobody thought to discuss the problem as a whole. And what of the many other things we would know about: the commissary, the services of supply, arms and ammunition, transportation, finance and currency, morale; the evidence on all these is disjointed.

The situation with respect to the British side of the war is nothing less than deplorable. The melancholy fact is that, except in realms of high debate, the British themselves fail us. There are some magnificent speeches in Parliament; but aside from the narratives of a Sargeant Lamb, an Archibald Robertson, an Ambrose Serle, and a few others, who wrote not too condescendingly about the fighting, the literary record is feeble. And let it not be forgotten that though Britain boasted far more men of letters than America, the general level of literacy was substantially lower than in America.

There is in much of the writing of the Revolution a strain of loftiness, a nobility, a style and spirit of greatness. No man exemplified that spirit better than Washington, who looms large as the indispensable symbol of selfless patriotism. We see him quickening the Patriot cause in Virginia on the eve of the crisis; taking command of a rabble in arms at Cambridge and forcing the British out of Boston; outwitted at Long Island, but undismayed; delivering lightning blows at Trenton and Princeton; faltering momentarily at Brandywine and Germantown; standing fast through the ordeal of Valley Forge and, the next winter, of Morristown; holding out against jealousy and stupidity and rashness in Congress and in the army; and in the end, by the sheer power of determination and force of personality, keeping the army in being until the day of deliverance at Yorktown. His was the spirit of Seventy-Six, a spirit most eloquently captured by Thomas Paine's first "Crisis" paper: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will shrink from the service of their country. But he who stands it now deserves the love and thanks of man and woman."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The article above is excerpted from the preface of "The Spirit of 'Seventy-Six," an anthology of Revolutionary literature by Drs. Commager and Morris, recently published by Bobbs-Merrill.*

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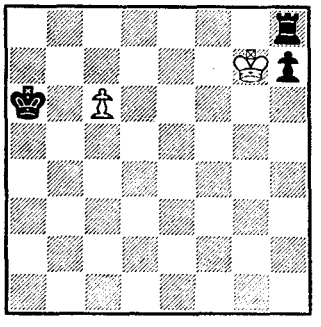
Chess Corner—5

TIME, space, and force govern the chessboard. These diverse factors affect every conceivable position, from the very first move to the ultimate checkmate. Time, which is the particularly prescribed period in terms of moves, is usually the most exacting. An overwhelming victory or a certain draw may transpose to an irretrievable loss by failure to do the right thing in the designated (usually shortest) number of moves. Space, or command of squares, also implies a familiarity with their intrinsic peculiarities. Force, or material, more often than not is the decisive factor.

The interplay of all three factors is abundantly clear in the position below, which appears hopelessly lost for White. To begin with, he is a Rook behind. And, should he capture the Rook, he obviously will not catch the Black Pawn, which will advance two squares on the march to a new Queen. Yet, the position which has baffled the masters is drawn.

BLACK



WHITE

WHITE TO PLAY AND DRAW

Solution:	1 KxR	P-R4
	2 K-N7!	.....

The beginning of the correct maneuver, utilizing time and space to achieve his ends. White's plan is a double play, neither of which can succeed without the other. He tries to stop the Black Pawn while attempting to support his own. The diagonal movement of the King serves the purpose.

	2	P-R5
	3 K-B6	P-R6

If instead, 3..K-N3 it appears that White's Pawn is doomed, as White is not in bounds to stop the Black Pawn. All is not what it seems: 3..K-N3 4 K-K5 (threatening 5 K-B4), P-R6 5 K-Q6, P-R7 6 P-B7, P-R8(Q) 7 P-B8(Q), drawn.

4 K-K6!	P-R7
5 P-B7	P-R8 (Q)
6 P-B8 (Q)	Drawn

—AL HOROWITZ.

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(Continued on page 30)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 29)

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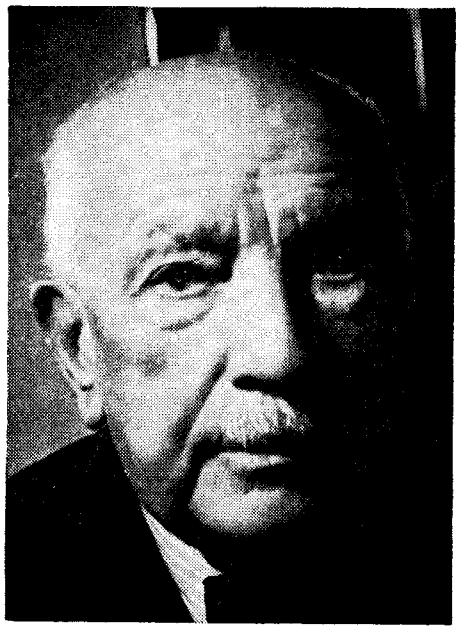

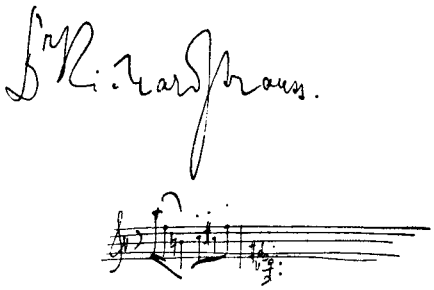

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"MY BROTHER, RICHARD STRAUSS"

An Interview with Johanna von Rauchenberger-Strauss

By ROBERT BREUER

DURING a recent visit to Munich I had the rare privilege of spending a few hours with Richard Strauss's only sister, Frau Johanna von Rauchenberger-Strauss. Three years younger than the late composer, Frau Rauchenberger at ninety-two is a marvelously alert lady and very much of the present. I had asked her for half an hour's time, at the most, when first announcing my visit to Europe. Knowing that she was living in semi-retirement and had been relentlessly avoiding any publicity, I had not expected her to answer my request. The more astonished was I when I received a two-page handwritten reply—in beautifully legible, straight lines—saying that she would be happy to see me.

I arrived at Frau Rauchenberger's domicile in Schwabing, one of Munich's quiet residential districts, where, hidden behind an ivy-clad stone wall, the beautiful Albertus-Stift, a home for elderly ladies, hospitably opened its doors to me. Well kept, and surrounded by green lawns, the house exuded a rare atmosphere of peace and solitude; it seemed to me, on this late summer Sunday afternoon, like an enchanted haven.

With a broad smile, her hands outstretched in a hearty welcome, Frau von Rauchenberger greeted me at the threshold of her large living-room. "I'm ever so happy you came," she said, "to talk with a person who, in her ninety-second year, does live mostly with and in the past. Since God granted me an astonishing and admirable memory, I enjoy reminiscing, but do believe me, please—," and she lifted her arms, "receiving, for the first time, an American correspondent does not mean that I intend to enter the public stage so that people would mock me: 'Oh sure, because she is Richard Strauss's sister she now wants to cash in on his fame!' This would be all wrong and against all my principles. Never in my whole life, which, I must confess, was since early childhood overshadowed by my brother's genius, did the thought occur to me that I could 'cash in' on his reputation. This is the reason also why, so far, I have always refused to talk to reporters or people eager to sound me out for memories. If, once in a while, somebody genuinely interested in the work of my brother or in music in general visits me, I love chatting with him or her, telling him whatever I remember or what may be of special interest to my guest."

"There is one thing I can state with pride: every incident, every anecdote, whatever I'll tell you today is true. My memory is unfailing, and having

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been brought up with my brother and enjoying the most cordial and devoted mutual relationship that exists between brother and sister, until his death, I neither belittle him nor raise his genius to the stars.

"We were a musical family. Father, as you know, was a horn player in Munich, and Richard showed his earliest musical talent at the age of four. I myself remember him, at about the age of seven, excitedly jumping around the dinner table and asking for absolute silence. 'I've to compose something!' he announced with solemn gestures. Well, the little chap, at that time, did not know exactly what 'composing' really meant—and his first opus, the 'Schneiderpolka,' was, naturally, jotted down on music-paper by Father.

"Richard ever so often asked to be taken down to the Marienplatz in order to listen to the open-air concerts given by local military brass bands. Upon returning home with father he would say: 'Please do play this or that march for me we heard today!' Father was not able to comply with Richard's request—and so the boy himself sat down at the piano and played the tunes. Since he had a remarkable ear, his renditions were faultless. His talent was astonishing, yet I clearly remember how often Father used to warn him: 'To be nothing but a good musician, this would mean a sad life!' He said so as an experienced musician himself. To make ends meet in our household was a hard job for Father, who was neither paid too well nor cared too much for money. The circumstances under which we children grew up were very modest ones. I have preserved a number of household ledgers my mother kept diligently; her entries show that she often was given money by her parents, the owners of the Pschorr-Brau Brewery, to make ends meet."

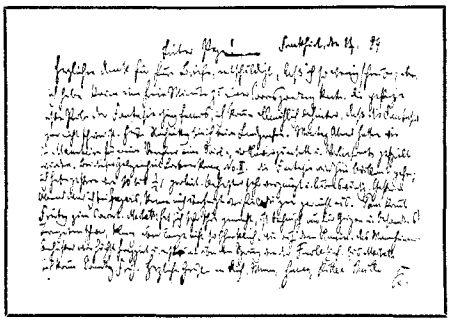
"Father remained skeptical even when Richard's first compositions gained public recognition. 'We cannot tell whether your talent will continue to flourish,' he used to warn the boy. 'Everything may come to a sudden end when you reach the age of twenty.' Nevertheless, he made countless sacrifices for him. Instead of sending him to a music school, Father preferred to have private teachers giving him lessons in piano and making him familiar with the basic rules of Harmonielehre, counterpoint, and the art of composing.

Richard Strauss at three—a medallion his mother wore around her neck.

"Thus, I grew up with music—and became highly interested in all the progress Richard made. I may say of myself that I have been a person well versed in music although I had only a layman's understanding for delicate shadings; but still used to discern with a critical sense between good, mediocre, and bad kinds of performing. I never dreamed of competing with Richard who, of course, surpassed us all. I recall the day when he, who never had held a baton in his hand, was asked by Bülow to conduct the serenade for thirteen woodwind instruments (Op. 7). 'You'll be able to do it!' Bülow had said encouragingly—nor did Richard disappoint his early mentor's confidence.

"I also remember Bülow's first visit to our house, when he greeted me with the stern warning: 'Do you know that your brother plays cards?' I imagined Richard must have lost a fortune, and trembling left the room, frightened like a chicken. How great was my surprise, when, later, I found a handwritten entry by Bülow in my diary. Wait a minute—I'll show it to you . . ."

The white-haired lady with the unmistakably Straussian features—her brother's clear blue eyes seemed to sparkle anew—walked briskly towards her large, neat desk, lifted the shutter, and looked for the little book. "Here it is—you can read for yourself"—and on the opened page I found the following lines written in Bülow's clear handwriting:



Frankfurt, 17 (January), 89.
Dear Papa:

So many thanks for your letters. Forgive me for writing so little; but I have hardly one minute left for a postal card. Yesterday the first rehearsal of the "Fantasie" came off excellently; I have gradually found out that the "Fantasie" is not difficult at all. This afternoon I'm paying a visit to the Landgrave. Monday night a soirée had been arranged in Mannheim for my admirers; the quartet for piano and the sonata for violin were performed. On that occasion (I received) laurel wreath No. 2. The "Fantasie" will fare brilliantly here; yesterday I rehearsed it from 10 until 12:30. Orchestra members very much elated and easy to get along with. Last night I was at Speyers' home, and at a loss what to do with all the homage paid me. Paur will attend Friday's concert. "Macbeth" is getting along very nicely; (it) is technically difficult (to perform) for violins and especially for wind instruments, but it does not sound as terrible as it does on the piano. The Mannheim orchestra was highly astonished and greatly amazed about the sweeping change from the Symphony in F-minor to "Macbeth." Will be back Sunday morning. Kindest regards to you, Mama, Hanna, Ritter, Thuille.

R.

*Hans von Bülow, bewundernder
College von
Richard Strauss,
Fanatismo—Petrolio,
Entusiasmo—Luce Elettrica.

*(*Beyond identifying himself as the "admiring colleague" of R. S., the sense of the inscription is obscure. R. B.)*

"Look around freely," my hostess invited me smilingly. "All these are wonderful souvenirs to me. When Richard left our home to go to Meiningen, and later on got married, our lives separated. I got married myself and made my home away from Munich. I do remember, however, how Richard composed all his tone poems, and I am happy I was present at almost all the first and important performances of his orchestra and stage works. I grew up with 'Aus Italien,' 'Macbeth,' 'Don Juan,' 'Death and Transfiguration,' 'Till Eulenspiegel,' etc., and I know them all by heart, bar by bar. Up to this date I keep my fingers crossed for a player doing a difficult horn or trumpet solo, or a solo violinist or cellist. When 'Salome' was premiered at Dresden, Richard

(*Continued on page* 46)

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HOFFNUNG( ) DOES IT AGAIN

By THOMAS HEINITZ

LONDON.

AN inspired musician and an inspired lunatic have, during the past week or two, turned the normally aloof precincts of the Royal Festival Hall into a centre of good living and merriment. Sir Thomas Beecham's current form with the baton is proving a source of astonishment to even his most fervent admirers and suggests that, provided he is kept busy in concert hall, opera house and recording studio, this promising youngster may reach his peak in another five or ten years' time! What new is there to say about a man who can keep us enthralled through three great Mozart Symphonies (Haffner, G minor, and Jupiter) plus the Clarinet Concerto—gloriously played by Jack Brymer, the RPO's splendid principal clarinettist—and who can then send everyone home happy after a couple of "Lollipops" and a verbal quip or two?

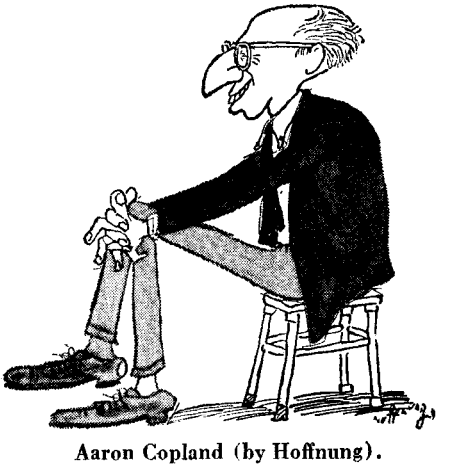
If geniality, touched with occasional impishness, was the keynote on these occasions, those fortunate to be present in early December saw an unusually serious, thoughtful Sir Thomas slowly mount the rostrum and face a vast array of performers which included a line of kettledrums stretching the whole width of the platform and a choir flanked by and interspersed with groups of brass players. It was eleven years since he had last conducted Berlioz's "Grande Messe des Morts" in our capital and everyone had come prepared to make the most of an almost unique occasion. Thus it proved without a shadow of doubt, despite a less than first-rate choir and the unsuitably clinical acoustic of the building, which limits the impact of the *Dies irae*'s brass-bound thunder and tends to throw too glaring a searchlight at Berlioz's most delicate and imaginative pages. To be frank, such reservations only came to one gradually, after due reflection; during the performance composer and interpreter held the listener spellbound so that the mighty work seemed all too short and most of us would have liked nothing better than to be allowed to hear it right through again. If EMI fails to take steps to ensure that Sir Thomas records this Requiem in the near future, they will have much to answer for!

No persuasion was needed, on the other hand, to bring EMI recording teams to the Festival Hall on November 21 and 22 so that the Hoffnung Interplanetary Music Festival 1958 might be preserved for generations yet unborn. Two years ago, the first Hoffnung Festival shook the musical world to its foundations through its zany extravagance and by causing every seat to be sold in record time. On this occasion two performances were announced, yet three hours after the box-office opened people had to be turned away! Hoffnung had done it again, but the question as to whether the 1956 frolic could be equalled, let alone trumped, still had to be answered. I had my doubts, since occasions of this kind depend largely on their uniqueness and originality, and any attempt to dress up old ideas in new clothes could have proved fatal.

However, in the event the 1958 model turned out even more brilliant than its predecessor, thanks to a truly astonishing pooling of talents and the organizers' ability to learn from their previous experience. The result was an entertainment which moved from climax to climax with hardly a moment's flagging, leaving us limp with laughter and generally battered into submission. As before, the recording (which Columbia is to release any day now) can present no more than an incomplete picture of the occasion since our eyes were involved quite as much as our ears. Quite apart from such extra-musical interludes as the launching by Mr. Bean (general manager of the hall) of an anti-coughing campaign, which reached its climax with the appearance of two sharpshooters on either side of the organ, who proceeded to pick off offending members of the audience, several of the best items depended largely on their visual impact.

One of these, Francis Chagrin's "Concerto for Conductor and Orchestra" is unlikely to appear in the recording, for in it the music merely served to display a hitherto unexpected facet of Mr. Hoffnung's many-sided talent. From the moment he bounded onto the rostrum and proceeded to give his baton a rapier point with the aid of a pencil-sharpener, until his final dash to the rear of the orchestra in order to shake hands with the tuba player (leaving the concert-master dumbfounded), this was an exhibition worthy of a Danny Kaye—culminating in a hilarious cadenza and a fearsome duel, all the way up the auditorium, with a jealous solo pianist.

THEN, too, there was the climax of the evening, "Let's fake an Opera," by William Mann and Franz Reizenstein, a veritable operagoer's nightmare. This romp, bearing the alternative title "The Tales of Hoffnung," was performed without scenery (though the setting, we were told, was "outside a Cigarette Factory in Old Nuremberg") but lacked neither costumes nor props, and the action was apt to spread to any part of the hall without warning. The enormous cast included many Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells favourites who appeared to enjoy the frolic as much as the audience; if anyone has to be singled out it must be Edith Coates, whose slinky movements have long been a landmark for Covent Garden audiences and who, dressed to kill as a man-eating Carmen, guyed her own mannerisms outrageously to everyone's delight—reappearing later as a somewhat seedy Mélisande in order to let her hair cascade from the balcony to the stalls! Otello arrived in a wheelchair, pushed by Lohengrin's Swan, glamorous Valkyries careered along the front of the Stalls on toy scooters. Grane appeared as a tricy-



Aaron Copland (by Hoffnung).

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cyle, Papageno chased Siegfried's Woodbird, Salome shed her veils to stand revealed as Fidelio (alias Leonora No. 4) and was put to sleep in a bed on the Valkyries rock with a hot water bottle, an alarm clock and projected flames—to be awakened by a mezzo Brünnhilde (the charming Gloria Lane) who proclaimed indignantly "Das ist kein Mann!" Every now and again the Nightwatchman would appear to remind us of the Nuremberg setting, obviously puzzled by all these strange goings-on (just as at the end of Act 2 of "Die Meistersinger") and vainly trying to re-establish normality with his obstreperous horn, which would start sounding before he raised it to his lips or else be silenced by various familiar operatic fanfares from the back of the hall. Even a heart-rendingly mimed appeal to the conductor proved unavailing for the latter, being Norman del Mar ("Cielo, del Mar!" exclaimed a tenor, as he approached the rostrum), produced a horn out of nowhere and blew Siegfried's Call at the hapless custodian of law and order.

Among items less dependent on visual elements, Malcolm Arnold's contribution was once again outstanding. His tone poem, "The United Nations," was a tremendous affair whose superbly realised "pious platitudes" were rudely shattered by the arrival of three mighty brass bands. Representing the Big Powers, they marched up and down the auditorium gangways, each playing its own tune with complete disregard for the others. The resultant, ear-splitting cacophony was quite terrifying in its impact, as were the implications underlying Arnold's conception. As an example of grim humour, "The United Nations" could hardly have been bettered; as comment it may be likened to a cartoon—a point which did not escape the gifted Vicky a few days later.

PARODY was well served by Joseph Horovitz's "Metamorphosis on a Bed-Time Theme" (Allegro Commerciale in Modo Televisione), in which the virtues of a familiar sleep-inducing beverage were proclaimed in a series of operatic cameos, traversing the musical styles of three centuries. "Sugar Plums," realized by Elizabeth Poston and performed by the Dometsch Ensemble on recorders, viols, harpsichord, clavichord, and chamber organ, proved the daintiest of riots as these dedicated musicians tooted, scraped and tinkled their way through familiar Tchaikovsky terrain, such as the Finale of the Fourth Symphony and the "1812" Overture, the latter

(*Continued on page* 44)

Bach's Brandenburgs

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

IN THE record catalogues of yesterday and today there have been, if I count correctly, twenty-four complete recordings of the six "Brandenburg" Concertos. Twelve of them remain in the latest issue of the "Schwann Long Playing Record Catalogue." It would be impossible and undesirable for anyone except a fanatic student of instrumental style and conductors' idiosyncrasies to spend the approximately twenty-and-one-half hours required to listen to all twelve of them—and then add another hour and forty-three minutes for the Deutsche Grammophon Archive recording (ARC 3105/6, $11.90) not yet listed there. I have contented myself with it and two other recent recordings (Westminster XWN 2219, $9.60 and RCA Victor LM 2182 and LM 2198, $9.96). Musical composition and musical performance (not to mention adequate listening) are made up of fine details going to make overall effects. When they are disturbed, what we have is not the composer's composition, but something else, almost without exception less desirable and far less rewarding.

Considerations of documentary accuracy and stylistic insight appear to me to rule out of consideration the Boston Symphony recording on RCA Victor conducted by Charles Munch. The lush sound is wrong, overblown, entirely post-Bach in conception. The tempos seem well selected, and in the course of working out his intentions very skilfully Mr. Munch again and again achieves cherishable effects. But the First Concerto is played without a *violino piccolo* (which Mr. Alfred Frankenstein describes in the accompanying notes as "an obsolete instrument," though an unmistakable *violino piccolo* adds its unmistakable crying color to the First Concerto in the Archive recording). Cellos are substituted for *viole da gamba*. And, after using a harpsichord elsewhere, Mr. Munch replaces it with a piano in the Sixth Concerto, thus altering its whole consistency to suit his ears rather than Bach's.

The Archive recording, on the other hand, is fiercely faithful to the document. Here are not only the harpsichord properly played and the *violino piccolo*, but also *corni da caccia, viole da braccio*, and *viole da gamba*. But this performance suffers from a disability as damaging as editorial tampering or romantic tonal texture: musicologitis. The music itself is approached in so abashed and worshipful a way by the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis as conducted by August Wenzinger that what comes out is a historic demonstration rather than living art. This failure to address the music as music becomes evident in the dragging tempos. I timed the first movement of the Sixth Concerto in all three recordings, with this result: Westminster, 6 minutes, 37 seconds; RCA Victor, 6:49; Archive, 7:21. The earliest existing scores contain no tempo indication for this movement, but the music itself has all the marks of an *allegro*—and 7 minutes, 21 seconds is at least a half-minute too long for it to last in a well-considered *allegro*. The accompanying notes by Peter Wackernagel are couched in translationese quite unworthy of Archive's procedures.

Far and away the best of these three recordings (but still, as a performance, far from so nearly ideal a version as that available on London LL 1457/8, with Karl Münchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra) is the Westminster-Erato version, with Kurt Redel and the Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra of Munich. Preponderantly faithful to the original scoring, it gives us the music for the music's sake and ours, rather than as an object lesson. Mr. Redel's fast movements are all a little bit faster than either Mr. Munch's or Mr. Wenzinger's, and that is all to the good; his slow tempos let the wonderful music breathe easily, but do not ask it to pant or hold its breath. At moments, as with the Archive version, individual instrumentalists are not up to the virtuosity of Mr. Munch's Bostonians. But the pervading sound is much more Bachlike than the thick Boston impasto, being rather an ensemble of contrasts than a single agglutinated orchestral voice. The notes by Sam Morgenstern are truly excellent.

One cannot resist trying to imagine what the reaction of Johann Sebastian Bach would have been could he have known that 237 years after he dedicated his six *"Concerts avec plusieurs instruments"* (his own title for them) to Christian Ludwig, Margrave of Brandenburg, a historian wanting to analyze fully all the recorded versions ever made of them would be faced with something like two whole days of uninterrupted listening. Bach would quite properly have been amazed, I suppose—and I should like to guess that of the three performances here reviewed, he would have found the Boston Symphony version exceedingly strange and insensitive, the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis version poky and dull, the Munich Pro Arte group's version very like the sound he had imagined while setting the concertos down on paper.

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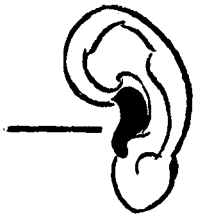

EARMARKS

Four Corners of a Round World

IN RUSSIA, the vitality and richness of vocal and instrumental folk music from the Caucasus and its adjoining hills, steppes, and valleys has never gone unnoticed. From Glinka, Borodin, Balakirev and Ippolitov-Ivanov all the way to Prokofiev, a sophisticated awareness of the lodes to be mined in these areas has been displayed. Two LP's of the season—"Folk Music Festival" and "Folk Songs from Armenia" (Westminster WF 12012, 12013, $4.98 each) —may help to explain why so many composers have been drawn to these sources. They explain something else, too—the dancing Polovtsi Girls have corrected dangerous tendencies expressed in their early careers, and accepted employment with the State.

The "Festival" LP—and it doesn't seem clear what, if any, festival is involved, since recordings reflect studio acoustics rather than arena or theatre openness—gathers songs and dances from Georgia, Moldavia, Uzbekistan, Kirghizia, and Kazakhstan. The "Armenia" record presents an array of performances descriptive of traditional elements in the culture—farming, feasting, and love-making—that have appealed both to peasants and composers alike as activities once worthy of celebration.

In general, the "folk" material revealed in these exported performances embodies a lively and still moving tradition of song, play, and dance undergoing certain changes in the hands of the conquerors. All the performers are, it would seem, professionals, and the orchestral selections are credited to such groups as the "State Ensemble of Armenian Folk Song and Dance" or the "State Ensemble of Chonguri Players." If anything like this were attempted in the United States, it would come out as the "Tennessee State Ensemble of Beale Street Jug Blowers," and might be exportable as such. In Kazakhstan, according to liner notes, "contemporary themes now find their reflection in Kazakh songs." These are listed as: "collective farm life, construction projects, socialism." Our Tennessee State Jug Ensemble could always blow a few choruses extolling the Muscle Shoals Project.

As themes for this or any other troubled time, such materials seem to lack something of the fire that went into the older cries of joy and love and laughter; and as gustatory experience of certain music, the chunks served forth on these LP's do occasionally bring to mind conveniences of the frozen TV dinner as compared to the delights of lamb, tomatoes, and onions peeled hot from the skewer.

For all this, the professionals acquit themselves well, and deserve their due: Titiana Makharadze, contralto, brings authority to the long-sustained, melodic plaint of the Georgian folk song, *Daigvianes;* Asek Dzhumabayev, baritone, accompanies himself on the *komuz,* a three-stringed instrument, and sings with distinction the Khirghiz song, *Syrtbai.* Some of the folk ensembles, notably that of the Uzbek Radio, perform with spirit on the "Festival" LP.

The "Armenia" record displays the solo virtuosities of at least one star performer, Levon Madoian. He is expert with the *duduk,* a reed-wood instrument provided with six to eight stops, and varying in length from six to twelve inches. It is highly expressive in approximation of certain wailing vocal timbres. One can easily imagine its being put to good use in some smaller experimental jazz group of the United States, like that of Paul Horn.

The Columbia World Library of Folk and Primitive Music, which may never get to Russia, has added Volume 15, "Northern and Central Italy," and Volume 16, "Southern Italy and the Islands" (Columbia KL 5173, 5174, $5.98 each) to its listings for this year. The virtues and rewards of this series have been fully exposed in an earlier article (*SR* February 12, 1955), and there is little to add, except to note that for thoroughness and care in geographic coverage, no other folk material gathered from this Mediterranean area can compete. Both were collected and edited by Alan Lomax and Diego Carpitella.

Another careful exploration and exposition of an area through its music is to be heard in the Folkways "Traditional Music of Peru." (FE4456, $5.95). Various facets of the precolumbian tradition are to be found in a number of recordings taken by Babs Brown and Samuel Martix in towns and villages, cities and provinces of Peru.

Perhaps the most interesting specimens captured by these two explorers relate to ancient dances—dances that are a sort of mobile history-book that re-enact episodes that took place well over four hundred years ago ("Dance of the C'Cuns, or Chunchus"); and dances that go back even farther and re-create in graceful patterns the pageantry that accompanied rites of sun-worship. ("Dance of the Quollas, or Collas").

Far from Peru, on the island of Ireland, tradition and music and verse and song mingle and are one, and seem alive today as when they were first given sound, no one knows how many centuries ago. "Ann Moray Presents Gaelic Songs and Legends" (Spoken Arts 745, $5.95) is a sort of spoken-sung account of stories and music encountered in her studies of the Gaelic past. Although Miss Moray's studied re-creations of the *"port-a-bruil,"* or "mouth music" are good, they are lacking in just that quality which has carried them through so many centuries—the feeling of warm urgency and personal conviction that is entwined with the tradition. Perhaps some of this feeling could have been captured if the recording had not taken place in a live, reverberant hall, which gives the impression that Miss Moray is trying to bring a large audience into a short focal depth.

"SONGS of Ireland," by Mary O'Hara accompanying herself on the Irish Harp (Tradition TLP 1024, $4.98), can be counted among the year's finest offerings. It belongs in no special category; the filaments of classification cannot trap the likes of her. Mary O'Hara, like Jean Ritchie, is endowed with a light, sweet voice, and her talent is for songs from her own country. These are provided in abundance, and rendered with compassion and lilting joy. On the lyric side, "Carraig Donn" is about as lorn a love song as could be encountered in all the literature; "Sliabh Na Mban" ("The Mountain of the Women"), sung unaccompanied, rivals it for lyric intensity, yet tells of a skirmish that took place during the 1798 Rebellion.

On hearing these well-phrased delights, one wonders what might have happened to Beethoven if the Scotch publisher Thomson, instead of plying the composer with stilted transcriptions of Irish folk song, could have plied him with Miss O'Hara. At the very least, Beethoven's "Irish Songs," as eventually published (1814-1816) by Thomson, might have lasted as something more than an obligatory listing amongst more impressive works for voices prepared by that composer. They might even have been good enough to be sung by Mary O'Hara. —FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

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Recordings in Review

Voyage into Vivaldi

VIVALDI: *Concertos in F (P. 320, 321), D minor (P. 280), A major (opus 3, No. 5) and D minor (opus 3, No. 11). Virtuosi di Roma directed by Renato Fasano.* Angel 45030, $3.98.

IT CANNOT have escaped any moderately observant person's notice that the phonograph is taking part in one of the most remarkable revivals since the restoration of Bach's music to currency and the belated recognition of Schubert's genius. That, of course, is the activation of the immense quantity of music created by Antonio Vivaldi, which is gradually achieving publication, and what is more, circulation through discs. These are approaching a total of two hundred, and the available, unduplicated literature must be close to twice that number.

It is sometimes jestingly said that Vivaldi composed the same work innumerable times, but those who have made the voyage into Vivaldi as the fog has lifted, find fascinating varieties of flora and fauna if, also, a common soil and family resemblance. There is always the possibility that a new collection of material will bring us upon something hitherto unsuspected, which is the case with this disc combining two fine works from the well-known "L'Estro Armonico" (the opus 3 collection) with three lesser known but choice creations.

Outstanding in the latter trio are the two works numbered 320 and 321 in the Pincherle catalogue scored for strings and two horns. Did Vivaldi write Handel's "Water Music" before the great German did? There is some suggestion in these pieces (which do not bear identifying dates) that the Venetian also cherished horn sonorities, and utilized the instrument's possibilities with a rich sense of character. Of especial interest is the F major numbered 320, which intersperses a beautiful slow movement for cello solo. It provides opportunity for Benedetto Mazzacurati to show his skill in drawing a long bow, as the other movements do for the blowing skills of Domenico Ceccarossi and Antonio Marchi.

The Heart of Flagstad

BEETHOVEN: *"Ah! Perfido," "Abscheulicher!" ("Fidelio").*
WAGNER: *"Du bist der Lenz," "Yo-ho-to-ho" ("Walküre") "Elsàs Traum," "Euch Lüften" ("Lohengrin"), "Dich, teure Halle" and "Elisabeths Gebet" ("Tannhäuser"); Weber: "Ozean ,du Ungeheuer" ("Oberon"). Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with orchestras conducted by Eugene Ormandy and Hans Lange.* Camden CAL 462, $1.98.

FOR VIRGINIA (and all the forty-eight other states) this release proves there is a Santa Claus, not based at the North Pole but in Camden, and bestowing a really priceless vocal bounty for a mere $1.98. For those who were not buying records when these appeared or only know Flagstad in her later manifestations, these restorations will validate any previous words of praise relating to prodigious vocal capacity and the shining distinction of her musicianship.

There are specific historical interests in the two sessions which produced the nine items listed above: the "Elsas Traum," "Ho-yo-to-ho" and two "Tannhäuser" excerpts date from October 9, 1935, a few months after her New York debut the previous spring, and show the voice in its earliest purity. They also show the callous disregard for suitable acoustical values that prevailed in those days, for a small studio in the East Twenty-fourth studios of RCA Victor was utilized, with a minimal orchestra under the direction of Hans Lange. Lest it be supposed that this is all a matter of hindsight, there were some who took exception to the sound when the discs first appeared in 1936. With all the deadness and the dullness, the voice soars through everything with unrivaled splendor.

All the other matter dates from the single day of October 17, 1937, when Mme. Flagstad visited Philadelphia to take part in an Academy of Music session with Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. I suppose some famous occasions involving Caruso, McCormack, Muzio, Ponselle, or another outstanding recording singer could rival it for productivity, but what other voice could surmount the strain of "Ah! Perfido," "Abscheulicher," and "Ozean, du Ungeheuer" (with "Du bist der Lenz" and "Euch Lüften" as "fillers") in the order and with the eloquence of the results conveyed here?

In the two years that elapsed between sessions, Flagstad did a great deal of singing, and the broadening effect on her sound is evident. Also evident are some of the vocal quirks she fell into from time to time—portamentos and slides, especially. But I don't suppose there has been a better vocalized "Abscheulicher" in recorded history, and her "Ozean" has long been a legend, for reasons amply expounded in this reprise of it. Apparently there was some experimentation in the microphone placement, on behalf of the varying orchestral elements utilized, with an especially spectacular result in "Du bist der Lenz." How much "enhancement" has been practised is not stated, but the results, it may be safely said, are close to the maximum possible with the masters utilized.

Spirituals by Shaw

"Deep River" (arranged Parker-Shaw), "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel" (Miller), "Every time I feel the Spirit" (Dawson), "I Wanna Be Ready" (Miller), "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" (Parker-Shaw), "This Ol' Hammer" (Work), "This Little Light O' Mine" (Work), "Who is that Yonder" (Boatner), "Lord If I Got My Ticket" (Shaw), "There is a Balm in Gilead," "Soon-a Will Be Done," "My Lord, What a Morning," "Ain'-a That Good News" (all arranged by Dawson), "Soon One Mornin'" (Kubik), "Dry Bones" (Gerheart), and "Set Down, Servant" (Shaw). The Robert Shaw Chorale conducted by Shaw. RCA Victor LSC 2247, $5.98.

THE INTENTION here, of course, is far from a rendering of ethnic authenticity: but the results are of such a high order that the listener is invited to an artistic experience of another kind entirely. Nothing has been sacrificed of dignity or sincerity, with all the refinements of timbre and accent that have been introduced. As the listing above documents, a variety of hands are responsible for the arrangements, but they are uniformly vocal and thoughtfully harmonized.

In a sequence of sixteen selections some are necessarily more appealing to the individual taste than others. I, for example, am more partial to those —such as "Deep River," "Every time I feel the Spirit," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and "My Lord, What a Morning"—which are purely ensemble, without the "lead" solos introduced into "I Wanna Be Ready," "This Little Light O' Mine" and "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel." The singers (Carol Jones, mezzo, Clayton Krehbiel, tenor, Thomas Pyle, baritone, Betty Wilson, soprano, Florence Kopleff, alto, Don Craig, bass, and Paul Westbrook, bass) are excellent vocalists, but the "Negroid" inflections

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introduce a synthetic element which is neither folk nor art.

In most of the ensemble arrangements named above, and "Soon-a Will Be Done," Shaw molds his singers into patterns of group sound that breathe as one and yet have the richness of multiples. Mezzo Jane Craner achieves the most telling result of any of the soloists in the well-arranged "This Little Light O' Mine," through a voice of distinctive timbre intelligently used. The sensitively balanced sound is credited to Daniel Slick as musical director and John Norman as engineer.

Rachmaninoff by Janis

RACHMANINOFF: *Concerto No. 3 in D minor. Byron Janis, piano, with the Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Charles Munch.* RCA Victor LM 2237, $4.98.

FOR THOSE who have been listening to Byron Janis since his first Carnegie Hall appearance a decade ago—brilliant but erratic—this is a performance of a sort he has been promising to give for all that time, but has not previously brought off (at least so far as a recording is concerned). Even more than in the case of the first Rachmaninoff (and Strauss "Burleske") which appeared some months ago in a collaboration with Fritz Reiner and the Chicago Symphony, it shows him in broad command of the musical and technical problems, with a strong personal impulse to bind them together.

It may not rest on the most powerful kind of pianistic tonal production that can be applied to some of the Rachmaninoff climaxes, but it is beautifully integrated, on a dynamic scale that is always well-sounding. (It may be recalled that Rachmaninoff dedicated the work to "Mr. Joseph Hofmann," a man whose ideas of pianistic sonority did not embrace the heroic). And with a sure instinct for musical values, Janis recognizes that Rachmaninoff's emotional expression merely requires faithful statement, not overstatement.

Though Munch has not previously recorded any Rachmaninoff to my knowledge, he enters into the mood of the work with strength and fervor, leading a playing of the orchestral score which is a pleasure on its own account. Thanks to the attentive work of musical director Richard Mohr and engineeer Lewis Layton, there is a fine proportion of sound between solo and ensemble, a gratifying prominence for the lower strings (violas and 'celli, particularly) which are sometimes overlooked in reproductions of this score.

Klemperer and the Ninth

ACCORDING to where you look in accounts from abroad of the London performance of November 12, 1957, which produced this new Angel recording under the direction of Otto Klemperer (or, for that matter, of the recording itself, which appeared in England some weeks ago) it was either "sublime" or "plodding." Attention to the recording itself (with the Philharmonia Orchestra and chorus with Aase Nordmo Løvberg, soprano, Christa Ludwig, mezzo, Waldemar Kmentt, tenor, and Hans Hotter, bass, in Angel set 3577B, $9.96), especially in the aftermath of Herbert von Karajan's recent performances in New York, suggests that it belongs among the notable statements this music has had recently, though as much personally tinged with Klemperisms as Toscanini's, Furtwaengler's, or von Karajan's are with traits of their own.

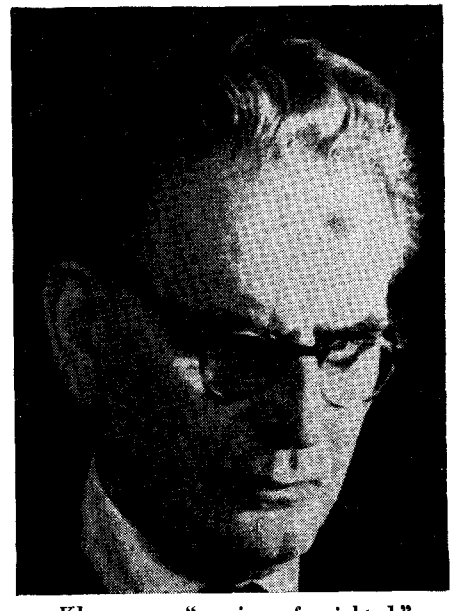
There may be dissent from Toscanini's dynamism, or Furtwaengler's elongations, or von Karajan's eclecticism, but these all contribute, eventually, to a *performance* which has shape, congruity, a total dimension. Klemperer's personal qualities, as manifest in the first three movements especially, are almost *anti*-performance, tending rather to an abstraction *about* Beethoven: a particularly deliberate tempo for movement I, a treatment of the scherzo which is almost jolly in some of its bear-dance capers, a finely phrased slow movement, which is all knowledge and care, but rather lacking in magnetism. It may or may not be pedantry to insist on all the repetitions in the scherzo, as he does, but it unquestionably augments the problem of sustaining listener attention—difficult enough at best.

Even through the imperfect medium that the phonograph remains (no stereo of the Ninth yet), it is possible to hear many superior details. The rather leisurely tempo of the first movement encourages clarity in the woodwind and percussion parts, to some emphasis decidedly illuminating; the trio of the scherzo has a richness and euphony that may be lost when it is hurried; there are some endearing intertwinings of subordinate lines in the slow movement. The question remains, however, whether perception of such detail is preferable to absorption in the totality. I still have to vote for the latter.

What sets the whole experience in perspective and makes relevant the praise the performance has enjoyed is Klemperer's command of the finale. This is, undoubtedly, one of the most spacious, far-sighted recreations this movement has had in recorded form, with a mystical (rather than merely imaginative) treatment of the long-sustained speculation "Über Sternen muss er wohnen" which transports us, tonally, "over the stars" of which Beethoven was writing. On either side of this passage is the same kind of weighty orchestral playing we have heard earlier, though here with more relevance to proper balance with the excellent Philharmonia choir. Hotter's authority hardly compensates for the uncertain production and pitch, Kmentt is a hardvoiced tenor, Ludwig a little light for this mezzo writing, Løvberg sure and dependable. As a quartet they do not merge too well. However they are likely to enjoy audibility for some time to come, thanks to Klemperer's imposing finale.

Side four is devoted to excerpts from the "Egmont" music, with Birgit Nilsson's expressive, vocally ample singing of "Die Trommel Gerühret" and "Freudvoll und Leidvoll" preceded by the overture and followed by the music for "Klärchen's Tod." It is all congruent to the main matter of the set, performed with the same granitic firmness (and inflexibility) as the Ninth, but not without an admirable kind of high-minded self-conviction. The tonal problems of the reproduction have been solved about as well as possible, lacking means (as yet) to reproduce, fully, Beethoven's writing for string basses and inner woodwinds in the symphony.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



Klemperer—"spacious, far-sighted."

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Auber: "La Muette de Portici," Thomas: "Mignon," Adam: "Si j'etais roi," Maillart: "Les Dragons de Villar," Lalo: "Le Roi d'Ys," Boildieu: "La Dame Blanche" overtures. Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Paris Opera. Westminster WST 14207, $5.98.	Scherchen takes charge of this repertory with typical individuality, meaning that the performances have a good deal of character where the meticulous and the spirited are involved, some sluggishness in the lighter, more graceful passages. However one rarely hears such a minor work as Maillart's produced with so much spirit and finesse. The *French* French horn sound in "Mignon" is also of special interest, the following polacca rather heavy footed. The stereo is technically good, though the orchestral sound it reproduces is not of the best. On my copy, the labels were reversed.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 in E flat. Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2233, $5.98.	This is close to the fastest "Eroica" (especially movements I and IV) on record, done in the name, no doubt, of forthright musical procedure, but tending to make the results insubstantial and small scaled. I credit the impulse to Munch's admiration for the example of Toscanini, but the pattern of accents—too much here, too little there—gets out of hand too often for a distinguished outcome. Nothing of lasting consequence, in any case.
Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G. Wilhelm Backhaus, piano, with the Vienna Philharmonic conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. London CS 6054, $4.98.	Thanks to the requirements for a new stereo version, Backhaus is enabled to have another try with this inexhaustibly challenging score, and produces one of the most embracing statements about it on record. He is especially fortunate in his collaborators, for the orchestra plays with him like a chamber group. Where appropriate, Schmidt-Isserstedt provides a quality of leadership that recalls some of his very promising efforts of a decade back. Debits: thin sound of the piano used by Backhaus, and a rather ornate cadenza of his own creation for the finale.
Chabrier: "España," Rimsky-Korsakoff: "Russian Easter," Smetana: "Moldau," Dukas: "Sorcerer's Apprentice." Erich Leinsdorf conducting. Capitol SP 8446, $5.98.	The contents are self-explanatory of the purposes involved: abundant orchestral sound, massive climaxes, exploitation of the stereo resources utilized. Leinsdorf fulfills most of the tonal requirements painstakingly, though with an insistence on brass and percussion which diminishes listening pleasure. A little more flexibility, nuance and finesse would have added charm without diminishing authenticity.
Copland: "Appalachian Spring," Gould: "Spirituals." Walter Susskind conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. Everest SD BR 3002, $5.95.	An auspicious debut for this label, which shows that industry-wide experimentation and accumulated knowledge permit high class technical results for an organization starting at the very beginning. Susskind has command of the note patterns of these scores, and the orchestra executes them well, but some of the intangibles in spirit are lacking—as in the "Square Dance," which is accurately played, but without the feeling it should have for breath pauses, and accentuation. Gould's generous scoring is made lavish by the duplicated outlets of stereo.
Haydn: Symphonies No. 91 and 103 (both in E flat). Eugen Jochum conducting the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 9984, $3.98.	These are well mannered, comfortably tailored performances, a little wanting in the energy and expansiveness to compete with the best kind of Haydn. However it is a pleasure to have as good a performance as Jochum's of the No. 91, which has only been recorded once before on LP, and with not nearly so much polish. He makes much of the slow movement with variations to which Haydn was partial at the time.
Holst: "The Planets." Leopold Stokowski conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic (with female chorus). Capitol SP 8389, $5.98.	Close attention to the stereo version (of the performance issued some months ago on monophonic microgroove) renews admiration for Stokowski's vivid conception of this score, the able performance of the orchestra, except in some solo passages of special technical demands. That close attention also reveals that, for all the sonorous scoring of "Mars," with its carefully calculated dynamic values, Stokowski chooses to add a tam-tam crescendo and decrescendo of his own on the very last chord of movement I. The "arrangement" is uncredited.
Khatchaturian: "Spartacus" (excerpts). A. Gauk conducting the orchestra of the U S S R State Radio. Montior MC 2025, $4.98.	More than the opportunity to write another "Sword Dance" (with which these excerpts begin) led Khatchaturian to this successor to his "Gayne" ballet. It may be found in Spartacus as the leader of a slave uprising against "Republican Rome in decline." Some of the repetitious formulae of "Gayne" reappear, also a good deal of the technical adroitness which always promises more, from Khatchaturian, than he delivers. A "love theme" that seems destined for popular adaptation dominates the latter part of side II. Less than good recording, even by Soviet standards.
Rossini: Sonatas Nos. 5 and 6, Albinoni: Concerto a cinque (opus 5, No. 1), Boccherini: Minuet, Paradis: "Sicilienne," etc. Solisti di Zagreb, conducted by Antonio Janigro. Vanguard Stereolab VSD 2013, $5.95.	The substantial suggestions of the Rossini and Albinoni works are belied by the total contents, which intersperse the shorter, more superficial works among the longer, weightier ones. All the performances are marked by the careful workmanship associated with Janigro, and the admirable musicality of his associates, but the changes of mood are a little abrupt for consecutive listening. It might have been better to arrange the longer works on one side, the shorter on the other.
Vivaldi: "The Seasons." Karl Muenchinger conducting the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra, Werner Krotzinger, violin. London CS 6044, $4.98.	What can be accomplished from the interpretative point of view in which this work is approached by Muenchinger is accomplished by his well disciplined ensemble, but this is, fundamentally, Mediterranean music which asks for a warmer, more supple sound than they provide. The sharp accentuations and angular phrasings do not realize as much of the pictorial quality in the music as a recent (also stereo) version by Janigro.
Wagner: "War es so schmählich," "Deinen leichten Sinn" and "Leb' wohl" ("Die Walküre"). "Wie aus der Ferne" ("Fliegende Holländer"). Birgit Nilsson, soprano, and Hans Hotter, bass, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Leopold Ludwig. Angel 35585, $4.98.	For those who find Hotter's vocal effort more effortful, these days, than even the best expressive results merit, the equality of opportunity here may seem a little too mathematical. However it is a pleasure to hear from Nilsson's Brünnhilde episode of act III that she can sustain a bright, strong vocal quality while suggesting the character with which she is concerned, and also modulate it in a manner suitable for Senta. Hotter, of course, makes a mightily impressive figure of Wotan or Van der Decken by voice alone, though the top notes are achieved by an effort akin to lifting a bag of sand to the shoulder. Ludwig's contribution is well-sounding and spaciously paced.
Weber: "Oberon," "Euryanthe," "Jubilee," "Peter Schmoll" and "Abu Hassan" overtures. Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Paris Opera. Westminster WST 14042, $5.98.	The bargain appeal of the six works on a single disc is devalued by two things: inferior reproduction of a third rate orchestra, and a determination by Scherchen to show that he has different and better ideas about Weber than any conductor of our time. One can understand his reaction against the elongations and extensions of Mengelberg and Furtwängler, but equally extreme haste and disregard for normal points of emphasis are not the answer. The orchestral sound is mostly dull, the stereo of debatable advantage. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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ORGANS AND VOICES

By DAVID HEBB

MORE often than not, when we hear a pipe organ, it is not as a solo instrument but serving as an accompaniment for voices. During the past five centuries it has become the established tradition in the churches of the western world to provide singers, in both choir and congregation, with a wind-blown pitchpipe and reinforcement. Eastern rite churches and Orthodox temples prefer their singing unaccompanied, but the organ is standard equipment for Roman Catholic churches and for the churches of nearly all Protestant denominations.

As we all know, for many years the Church was a major client for composers of music, as it was as well for painters and sculptors. A substantial part of our library of standard works was originally "functional" music, written for some part of a church service. Excellent examples, recorded as they were performed in church buildings, are now available on records. Among the current releases are an album of two LP's from England, featuring a Roman Catholic cathedral choir and the choir of a university, and a single record from Texas, with the combined choirs of a church and a college.

In the summer of 1957 an "International Congress" of organists was held in London. It was a busy week, during which the more celebrated of English and American organists performed, for their colleagues, on upwards of a dozen instruments. Mirrosonic Records had a crew on hand, taxi-hopping from one event to the next, making tapes of most of the recitals. Volume III of the series (Mirrosonic DRE 1006) was recorded in Westminster Cathedral, St. John's College, Cambridge University, and St. Michael's Church, Cornhill.

From Westminster Cathedral come excerpts from a High Mass for the feast of St. Martha, in which the choir sang the Mass for Four Voices of William Byrd. This Cathedral is the seat of the Roman Catholic Church in Britain (as Westminster Abbey is for the Church of England) and its choir is accomplished and well-disciplined. Though the tone of the group is colored by heady boy-soprano voices, it is well suited to the Byrd score. That this is a recording of an actual ecclesiastical performance seems to lend the music additional appeal.

A choir of completely different sound is that of St. John's College, Cambridge, comprising sixteen boys and a dozen men. Their tone is hearty, their attack vigorous. The program begins with music of the period of the first Queen Elizabeth and goes on to offer samples of English choral music through the years to the time of Elizabeth II, from William Byrd to William Walton. It is fine singing from the college chapel. And the organ has its own claim to fame: a reed stop in the Spanish style, called Trompeta Real, translating literally into "royal trumpet." Its strident, almost shattering tone is one of the highlights of the album, displayed in one movement of a sonata by a Spanish composer, José Lidón.

Harold Darke, the soloist who fills out this two-record set, has been organist of St. Michael's Church, Cornhill, since 1916. The organ has been on the job even longer; it was built originally in 1684, though several revisions have kept it more or less up to date. It has a round diapason tone without much brilliance, not the least "baroque," but more like the big instruments that were popular in this country until the 1920's or so. It lacks the clarity and the edgy overtones that are the current taste. With one exception, Mr. Darke's choice of program material is thoroughly Edwardian in character, with one side devoted to the organ sonata of Sir Edward Elgar. The exception is Herbert Howells's "Fugue, Chorale and Epilogue." Howells is a contemporary composer whose idiom is much appreciated in England, and in which we feel a lack of direction.

This side of the Atlantic, our second largest state is the source of some exciting choral singing from the First Presbyterian Church of Kilgore, Texas. This church has a fine organ, built in 1949 by Aeolian-Skinner, boasting the first Trompette-en-Chamade in the United States, in which the pipes are fanned out horizontally at the back, or entrance end, of the building. The church choir, under Roy Perry, is joined by the Austin College Choir, a group that has made nineteen concert tours since it was organized in 1946. It is directed by Robert W. Bedford. Their delivery is crisp and enthusiastic, their musicianship first-rate. Two of the selections merit special mention: Parry's "I Was Glad When They Said Unto Me," composed for the coronation of Edward VII in 1902 and listed for each subsequent coronation at Westminster Abbey, and the Ralph Vaughan Williams arrangement of "Old Hundredth." Vaughan Williams made this setting in 1953 for the coronation of Elizabeth II, and in doing so added a verve to a tune that had long endeared itself to many for its solidity.

The verses, beginning, "All People that on Earth do Dwell," are the Reverend William Kethe's paraphrase of the 100th Psalm. In current usage, the melody most frequently accompanies the doxology, "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." The combination of singing Texans, trompette-en-chamade, and Vaughan Williams's arrangement will lift the roof a few inches off the rafters. This recording is Volume X in the series, "The King of Instruments," issued by the Aeolian-Skinner Organ Company, with the subtitle, "Music of the Church."

ANOTHER in this series, Volume XII, has brought the organist of Notre Dame in Paris to the organ of Symphony Hall in Boston. Pierre Cochereau is an impressive talent, and the Symphony Hall organ is a splendid instrument. The music he has chosen to record is of somewhat limited appeal, all of contemporary French composers, including Cochereau himself. Unabashedly romantic, this music makes up in warmth and color what it lacks in incisiveness.

A French organist, playing on a Paris instrument, is André Marchal, heard on the organ of Saint-Eustache. Unlike his compatriot, Marchal has recorded Bach, notably the Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor, the Toccata and Fugue in D Minor, and the Prelude and Fugue in A Major. These are on Westminster-Erato XWN 18720. So much has been written of these works so many times that it's difficult to find something that hasn't been said. Marchal is an artist of great stature, and someone who is looking for a sound performance of the Passacaglia need look no further. Those who have a 78 rpm recording of the same work by Marchal (there were some "unofficial" acetates issued about ten years ago) might be interested to compare the two as a record of this artist's development.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonata in B flat, opus 106. Daniel Barenboim, piano. Westminster XWN 18760, $4.98.	The deficiencies in sixteen-year-old Daniel Barenboim's performance of the "Hammerklavier" have more to do with technical and tonal limitations than with musical ones. His piano sound is a little thin, his dynamic production lacking a real forte, with hampering results on the size of structure he can build. However there is little question of his comprehension of the ground plan, his strong sense of the tonal architecture involved. He also has a tendency to let tempi accelerate beyond control, and to hold back for melodic emphasis, but also musical perceptions much beyond his years.
Chopin: Preludes, Op. 28. Moura Lympany, piano. Capitol EMI G 7145, $4.98.	The thought and care which Miss Lympany brings to her piano playing are synthesized in these performances, which are thoroughly organized and full of relevant detail. One can also admire the distinction she makes between the character of one and another. What is still lacking, however, is the refined sense of artistic purpose to make a final statement of those differences in the short time span allotted. It is, essentially, the difference between "very good" and "masterful." As it is clear Miss Lympany aims for ultimate objectives, she can be described as on her way, though not at the goal. Very good sound.
Chopin: Sonata in B flat minor. Liszt: Sonata in B minor. Leonard Pennario, piano. Capitol P8457, $4.98.	Pennario has much of the pianistic equipment required for a successful performance of either work, but an insufficient conception of what they involve, emotionally or dynamically. In the Chopin, the insufficiencies relate to a rather superficial feeling for the relationship of one theme to another, a lack of depth and emotion for the "Marche funèbre." In the Liszt, he does not engage the pianistic challenge on a suitable dynamic scale, the total scope of the work being contracted and understated in consequence. On the whole, something of a retrogression in the recent sequence of Pennario discs.
Duparc: Fourteen songs. Leopold Simoneau, tenor, with Allan Rogers, piano. Westminster XWN 18788, $4.98.	Contrary to common practise, Simoneau is aware that Duparc wrote fine songs other than "L'Invitation au Voyage," "La Vie Antérieure," "Phidylé" and "Chanson Triste"—all of which are beautifully accounted for in this sequence—adding "Soupir" "Au Pays Ou Se Fait la Guerre," a "Sérénade" (*text of Marc*), "La Vague et la Cloche," "*Lamento*" (*Gautier*), "Élégie" (Thomas Moore), "Extase," "Testament," "Sérénade Florentine," and "La Manoir de Rosemonde" to the total. Some of these are stronger songs than others, but they are converted into matter of equal interest by Simoneau's penetrating musicianship, artistic feeling and clarifying articulation of the French texts. Allan Rogers makes a valuable contribution at the piano.
Mozart: Twenty-two Canons. Vienna Academy Chorus, conducted by Günther Theuring. Westminster XWN 18793, $4.98.	As readers of Mozart's unabridged correspondence are aware, he knew all the customary four-letter words (in several languages) and did not hesitate to employ them. Side 1 of this disk is devoted to a series of lively, epigrammatic texts by himself and others which are described as "of an improper kind" and, in several instances, replaced by more innocuous ones. The music, meant for informal performance on social occasions, is full of fun and frolic. Side two is devoted to sacred and secular part songs, all beautiful, and devotedly performed.
Ravel: Seventeen songs. Pierrette Alarie, soprano, with Allan Rogers, piano. Westminster XWN 18789, $4.98.	An engaging recital of Ravel which fluctuates somewhat according to the suitability of the material to Alarie's vocal equipment, but attaining distinction in the "Cinq Mélodies Populaires Grecques." Also included are the "Histoires Naturelles," of which Miss Alarie sings "Le Grillon" and "Le Martin-pêcheur" very well (*if with some margin of superiority, still, for Maggie* Teyte) and the three "Chants Populaires." The remaining songs are "Noël des Jouets," "La Sainte," and "Sur l'Herbe." Allan Rogers collaborates efficiently, and the recording is good. However, the texts are printed in minuscule type, a practise which, if it becomes widespread, may add, to such staples of the music-lover's furnishings as pitch-pipe, metronome and record brush, a magnifying glass.
Soler: Quintet No. 6. Marie-Claire Alain, organ, with string quartet. Bach, K.P.E.: Concerto in E flat. Alain, organ, with Jean-Marie Leclair ensemble conducted by Jean-Francois Paillard. Westminster XWN 18754, $4.98.	The obviously unfamiliar material is coupled with interpretative art of the highest standards making for an absorbing disk on all counts. I am particularly taken by the Soler "Quintet," for four strings and *organo obligado*, which reveals further capacities of this great successor to D. Scarlatti best known for his sonatas. Whether writing separately for organ or strings, or utilizing them together (the movements follow a pleasantly irregular sequence), Soler mates fantasy with scholarship in no common way. The K. P. E. Bach concerto is of a more familiar idiom, but heightened in interest by Alain's discriminating organ work and the excellent instrumentalists utilized. Fine sound.
Sarasate: "Caprice Basque," Kreisler: "Caprice Viennois," Shostakovitch: Four Preludes, Debussy: "Clair de lune," etc. Leonid Kogan, violin, with A. Mitnik, piano. RCA Victor LM 2250, $4.98.	A memento of his American tour last winter, this collection by Kogan is sprinkled with first class violin performances, and some acute interpretation, especially in the works of Sarasate, Kreisler and an arrangement by Heifetz of "Masques" from Prokofiev's "Romeo and Juliet." However Kogan lacks the deftness of such masters of the *morceaux* as Kreisler, Heifetz and Francescatti in his playing of a Mendelssohn "Song without Words" ("May Breeze"), Bloch's "Nigun" or a Nardini "Adagio." They all have the outward marks of distinction, but tend to be somewhat square-cut rhythmically. Mitnik accompanies ably, and the reproduction is very good.
Schubert: Sonatas in C minor (op. post.) and E flat (op. 122). Beveridge Webster, piano. MGM E 3711, $4.98.	Webster's devotion to Schubert has endured so long and been manifest in so many ways that it can hardly be doubted. However it is a paradox for a pianist to devote himself to a composer whose requirements in sound and phrasing are so opposed to his characteristically hard tone and angular accents. He is better attuned to the late C minor, with its Beethovenish overtones than he is to the early E flat.
Schubert: Octet. The Vienna Octet. London CS 6051, $4.98.	It is welcome to have the entry into stereophony accompanied by this incomparable work in a performance by its present-day peerless performers, but this listens to me as the least spontaneous, most mannered effort of the three they have had the opportunity to record. Perhaps they were overconscious of the microphone and the effects they were trying to transmit to the tape, but there is an overproduction of dynamics, a lack of the freeflowing rapport hitherto associated with the group. The acoustical result is excellent, the musical outcome not so gratifying.
Turina: "Sacro-Monte," Parish-Alvars: "Introduction and Rondo," Granados: "Oriental," Glinka: "Variations on a theme of Mozart," Albeniz: "Malagueña," etc. Nicanor Zabaleta, harp. Period SPL 745, $5.95.	Whether the material is insubstantial or otherwise—and not much of it is otherwise—it makes a lovely sound as activated by Zabaleta's superb fingers (operating an Obermayer harp designed for him) and brilliantly reproduced. He has finesse as well as power, a tactile sense of the most refined sort. In addition to the items mentioned, the sequence includes an etude by Tournier, a toccata in E minor by Palau, the thirteenth sonata of Gallés, the dance of the governor from Falla's "Tricorne," Fauré's "Une Châtelaine en sa Tour," and Mateo Albeniz's E flat sonata. Where the opportunity presents itself, Zabaleta shows that he is a fastidious musician as well as a remarkable virtuoso. —I. K.

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THE AMEN CORNER

Ring in the New

THE ending of the year brings certain reflections. Among the pleasures of reviewing jazz records is that of keeping up, as well as one's own equipment will allow, with the art. This is also, in many ways, a problem. As things stand in jazz today, the reviewer is regularly faced with what might as well be called experimental music, in the sense that the players themselves have the feeling of putting themselves on trial. Modern jazz is an ambitious melange of, among other things, sophisticated harmonic adventures, essays in new instrumental combinations, gropings toward happy blends of composed and improvised music. The reviewer, in short, is steadily required to pass some sort of opinion on music which is, in one way or another, quite unfamiliar in character. He would like to have time to familiarize himself thoroughly with the music—at least, to have it about on the phonograph for some weeks or months until its staying power, or lack of it, began to be manifest. But record reviewing is partly based on the premise that there are readers who would like opinions on new records, pronto, and so the reviewer must rush in with the reaction he has at the moment, and hope that it will be borne up by his feelings months after his opinion has gone to press. He has, naturally, the nerve to offer one man's opinion (otherwise he would not be reviewing), but if he is sensitive I do not see how he can avoid a certain nervousness about offering that opinion so soon after the publication dates.

This much shop talk out of the way, I would like to say that I re-play frequently the records I recommend, and that while I have banged the drum for items which did not hold up, I am more often aware of sins of omission: I have not called attention to detailed charms of many records simply because I have not gotten to know the music well enough to have my own attention called to them. And all of this is a prelude to saying that many of the modern jazz LPs I have kept on my shelves now say to me a good deal more than they did when I first heard them. I keep getting more familiar with the modern approaches, more aware of felicities, more and more grateful for this art which is still so alive and experimental. The test tubes don't always explode in a farcical shower of glassware; very often the experiment comes off.

This month we have the vigorous master-drummer Max Roach, with a new quintet featuring the seventeen-year-old tuba player Ray Draper, the twenty-year-old trumpeter Booker Little, plus George Coleman, tenor sax, and Art Davis, bass. There is a good deal of dynamic excitement here, as one expects with Roach at the battery, but there is also Latin-American languor of superlative ease in Draper's "Filidé," and his various use of the tuba, as both melodic and rhythmic horn, is interesting throughout (Riverside 12-280). I am delighted by the nine wry, phraseologically eccentric compositions of the alto saxophonist Ornette Coleman. His associates are Don Cherry, a demi-tinted magician on the muted trumpet; Walter Norris, piano; Don Payne, bass; and Billy Higgins, drums. It would be easy to call this be-bop, and, to be sure, it has ingenious textures reminding one of some of the best be-bop; but it is also markedly individual (that is, Ornette Coleman) and played with an élan that was not conspicuous in be-bop's prevailing chilliness (needless to say, such founders of the idiom as Charlie Parker and Miles Davis were anything but cold). I hope that Coleman will continue as a jazz composer; on the basis of this disc he seems to me one of the most promising (Contemporary C3351) . . . The pianist Thelonius Monk appears on the lists just about every month, and this time we have him in quartet form with John Griffin, tenor sax; Ahmed Abdul-Malik, bass; and Roy Haynes, drums. The numbers are all Monk's own, and I find Griffin rather floridly out of keeping with Monk's fundamentally laconic, pungent, spaced-out style, but, like Monk, he is a man of musical muscle.

The brilliant young trumpeter Lee Morgan, aged 20, has now been recorded in a variety of elaborate moods. His newest LP catches him at his most lyric and reflective, and is a warm and treasurable disc. Morgan is backed by Sonny Clark, piano; Doug Watkins, bass; and Art Taylor, drums. I hope the tender strength the trumpeter exhibits here will not be sacrificed to his virtuoso abilities on the horn (Blue Note 1590). While on the subject of lyric jazz, I am late in mentioning the tenor saxophonist Harold Land's quintet performance in "Harold In The Land of Jazz." Here again, after a rousing "Speak Low," there is a beautiful blending of the serene and the forceful in several numbers, the finely balanced group including the Swedish trumpeter Rolf Ericson; the late Carl Perkins, piano; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; and Frank Butler, drums (Contemporary C 3550). The West Coast Jazz school—that is to say, certain of those musicians who are identified with the Pacific shores—are often accused of being bland and technically flashy—but this has no bearing on Land's group, who can scarcely be said to represent any school but are unquestionably "a company of scholars." For the grisly recent movie "I Want to Live!" Johnny Mandel has written a score which includes sturdy jazz themes. The best of these, and my own favorite is "Black Nightgown," are played with vivid authority by a blue ribbon combination of Gerry Mulligan, baritone sax; Art Farmer, trumpet; Bud Shank, alto sax and flute; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Pete Jolly, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; and Shelly Manne, drums (United Artists UAL-4006). Rosolino's high and super-swift trombone, usually too rococo for me, is more expressive here than I have heard it before, and Farmer's trumpet is outstanding.

ADDICTS of the late great cornetist Bix Beiderbecke will, I think, be more pleased than offended by the LP "Hooray For Bix!" by Marty Grosz and His Honoris Causa Jazz Band (Riverside 12-268). This is a program of such Bixian themes as "Changes," "Sorry," and "Oh, Miss Hannah" by a small band who are devoted to the whole connection. Cornetist Carl Halen plays in the true Bixian strain, without note-for-note imitation, but for me the chief joy of the record is the poignant clarinet of Frank Chace, a man who might be described as three parts Frank Teschmaker, two parts Pee Wee Russell, and altogether Frank Chace. He is a lovely reed man. —WILDER HOBSON.

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Tapes in Review

An Oistrakh-Fournier "Double"

BRAHMS: *Double Concerto in A minor, Opus 102. David Oistrakh, violin; Pierre Fournier, cello, with the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Alceo Galliera.* Angel stereophonic tape ST-6001.

WHAT SHOULD be a source of considerable gratification to serious tape collectors on both sides of the Atlantic is the recent entry of Angel Records into the stereo tape field with an initial release of a dozen items, a commendably high percentage of which are devoted to music of substance, performed by ranking interpreters.

Brahms's Double Concerto, as here presented, reflects their consistently high level of quality. Further, it illustrates what appears, on the whole, to be a subtler viewpoint as regards those qualities which are stressed (and frequently over-stressed) in stereo tapes processed in this country.

The whole thing seems to come down to a choice of values. Whereas the usual goal here is textural transparency and brilliance, sharpness of separation, and the illusion of sitting in the very center of the sound complex, Angel's British engineers appear to be trying for a less spectacular, more homogeneous overall effect.

For one thing, the miking is neither so close nor so crucial as ours. This makes for less immediacy and brilliance, but it also insures an unforced sweetness of tone with no edginess in the highs. The Brahms recording has a full sound spread and adequate separation, but instead of dramatically pin-pointing the instrumental voices these are blended toward a more natural effect of integrated ensemble.

Oistrakh and Fournier perform in masterly fashion, with conductor Galliera thoroughly in command of his own task, highlighting a well thought-out performance with a slow movement of singing breadth and velvety sheen.

Bach by Weinrich

BACH: *Toccata and Fugue in D minor. Chorale: "Von Gott will ich nicht lassen." Carl Weinrich, organ.* Westminster stereo tape SWB-7057. $6.95.

WESTMINSTER'S current project of recording Bach's complete organ works with Weinrich has not been long in reaching tape, as this first stereo edition happily proves. Best known of Bach's works for organ, the D minor Toccata and Fugue is a logical introductory choice, and as here set forth with clarity in Weinrich's scholarly statement it makes a strong case for further stereo releases of this fine series.

Weinrich's instrument, in the Church of Our Lady, at Skännige, Sweden, has an ideal sound for his purpose. There is dramatic weight but no heaviness in his use of rather bright registrations, which he varies just enough to keep the contrapuntal voices freshly arresting, never enough to obscure the musical structure. Neither is there the all-too-usual rushing of the toccata's opening bars; the musical pulse is evenly controlled throughout and there is, particularly in the (for Bach) rather loose-limbed fugue, a sense of effortlessness, of the notes falling easily into place by the logic of their own rightness.

In the chorale prelude (one of the "Great Eighteen") Weinrich lets subtle coloration serve for dynamic accent, while describing the arabesques Bach wove around a melody played by a tenor pedal with a four-foot stop.

Phyllis Curtin—"singing (Villa-Lobos) in the original Portuguese and concerned with textural as well as musical content, she establishes an entente."

Holst's "Planets"

HOLST: *"The Planets." Leopold Stokowski conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra and Women's Voices of the Roger Wagner Chorale.* Capitol stereo tape ZF-75. $14.95.

FOR ALL OF its audible splendors, this performance invites serious challenge from the two recordings of the suite already available: London's well-sounding LP with Sir Malcolm Sargent, and Sir Adrian Boult's fine reading for Westminster. Sir Adrian, in fact, has been so widely identified with this music since his early Victor pressing—an alliance strengthened by two subsequent Westminster waxings—that he has put his personal stamp indelibly upon it for many listeners.

Stokowski's presentation has an advantage that stereo alone can give, an illusion of depth and breadth that fits in well with his own feeling for spacious and sonorous effects. In the main, these are well enough realized by the orchestra, although without the full bonus of finesse and eloquence Stokowski usually provides. Tipping the balance in favor of Sir Adrian's lively pronouncement (Westminster 18252) is Stokowski's curiously ponderous approach, which seems more concerned with impressing the ear than the imagination. (See page 38.)

Villa-Lobos and Stravinsky

VILLA-LOBOS: *"Bachianas Brasileiras" No. 5 (Aria, Dansa). Phyllis Curtin, soprano, with Willis Page conducting.* STRAVINSKY: *Concerto Grosso in D for Strings. Willis Page conducting the Boston Recording Festival Orchestra.* Cook stereo tape 1062-ST. $12.95.

THIS SUPERBLY engineered recording of Villa-Lobos's fifth suite dedicated to Bach and scored for soprano voice and eight celli offers an admirable traversal by Miss Curtin of the vocal portions. Singing them in their original Portuguese and concerned with their textural as well as musical content, she establishes an entente which, if perhaps less intuitive in the "Aria" than Bidu Sayao's memorable early discing of that portion, is well marked in the earthier "Dansa."

Stravinsky's Concerto Grosso makes its first appearance on tape with heightened audial values, thanks to stereo's clarity of transmittal and tape's freedom from surface noise. Page's musicianly treatment does much to compensate for the fact that the composer's own early LP is no longer listed. —MILDRED NORTON.

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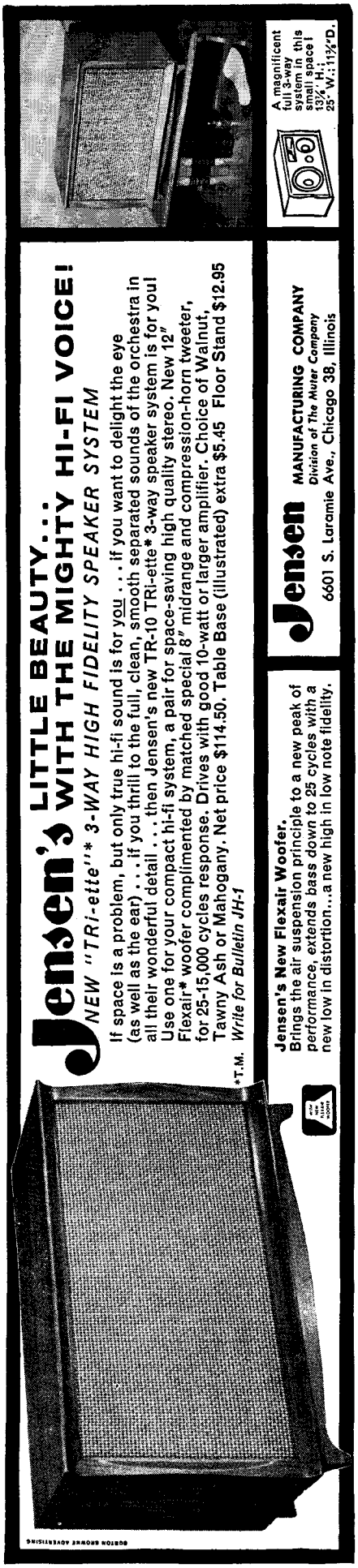
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Hoffnung

Continued from page 34

enlivened by brave pop-gun salvoes.

The equivocal art-form known as melodrama brought forward that great lady of the English stage, Dame Edith Evans, who recited "The Famous Tay Whale" by William McGonagall (the Scottish poet and tragedian, who has been justly described as the Florence Foster Jenkins of poetry), to a musical accompaniment devised and conducted by Matyas Seiber. This served to introduce one of several new colours to the orchestral palette: an Expresso coffee machine, which blew off steam in imitation of the whale's most characteristic habit.

But the funniest item of the whole evening, at any rate to my mind, proved to be "Punkt Contrapunkt" for two German Professors and Orchestra by Bruno Heinz Jaja, "orchestrated by Humphrey Searle from the original electronic graph." This was a brilliant piece of ultra-contemporary nonsense whose performance was prefaced by a lengthy discussion and analysis by Dr. Klaus Domgraf-Fassbaender and Prof. von der Vogelweide (alias Gerard Hoffnung and music critic John Amis, who wrote the script). Here was trenchant satire as well as inspired buffoonery, delivered with a guttural pomposity which could not have been bettered by the most seasoned revue artists. It will be worth owning the Columbia disc of the concert just to hear the dissertation on the deep significance of Jaja's three central, silent bars: the first and last in 7/8 time, the middle one in 3/4 ("the Viennese element!").

Hoffnung, aided and abetted by his many gifted collaborators, *has* done it again, to the delight of the 6000 odd music-lovers who attended the two performances, and to the envy of the many thousands unable to gain admission. The secret of his success, I feel sure, rests in the wealth of material specially devised for the occasion, for it is surely significant that the only item which fell flat during the whole evening was a piece of 'straight,' albeit witty music composed more than 30 years ago: Copland's Burlesque from his "Music for the Theater," conducted by the composer, which did not really fit in with the rest of the program and which, in any case, needs a far more polished performance than that which it received on this occasion. Dare we look forward to a third edition? They say, after all, that Hoffnung springs eternal . . .

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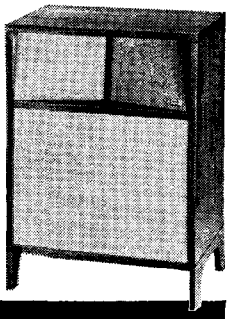

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 22

German syllables carefully and saved his power for a proper climax. What he lacks, however, is a conception of the proper legato for this music, how to join one phrase to another, how to sustain a line without slurring. In other words, how to sing Wagner. But with his physical assets, an all-out effort might well provide us with a superior Lohengrin. The evening also included the first New York performance of Shostakovitch's Eleventh Symphony, previously reviewed in these columns from a Houston broadcast and a recording.

TWO new symphonies provided the major matter of the Boston Symphony's latest visit under Charles Munch: the Fourth of Alexander Tcherepnine and the Second of Alexei Haieff. If it were so easy to write symphonies that two good ones could be premiered in a week, we would, indeed, be in a time of abundance. Neither really qualified as "good" (meaning "successful") for different reasons: Tcherepnine achieves with sure strokes and unvaringly fine sound just what he wants to, though the results are abstractly "Russian symphonic" and, subjectively, little of Tcherepnine at all. Haieff, neither so sure nor so unerring in orchestral aim, is a man of more musical personality who hasn't realized much of it in this reworking of a piano sonata. It struck me as a plan of orchestral sound, lucid and aurally satisfying, mated to musical ideas which didn't quite make a cohesive whole.

A confluence of two currents in Leonard Bernstein's "programs with a plan" found him as cembalo player in a Vivaldi flute concerto (C minor) and pianist in Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" at opposite ends of a recent evening with the Philharmonic Orchestra. John Wummer's playing of the solo part in the former was infinitely dexterous and well-sounding, though the layout of the music is hardly blowable. The showpiece of the program was Milhaud's "Creation du Monde," whose colors and rhythms can rarely have had such an inevitable sound on any previous occasion. Johanna Martzy performed Mendelssohn with rapt concentration and much vitality, but also a wider vibrato than her fingers could control on the violin fingerboard, and a too heavy bow stroke. When impulse and execution merge into mastery, this young Hungarian should be an absorbing performer.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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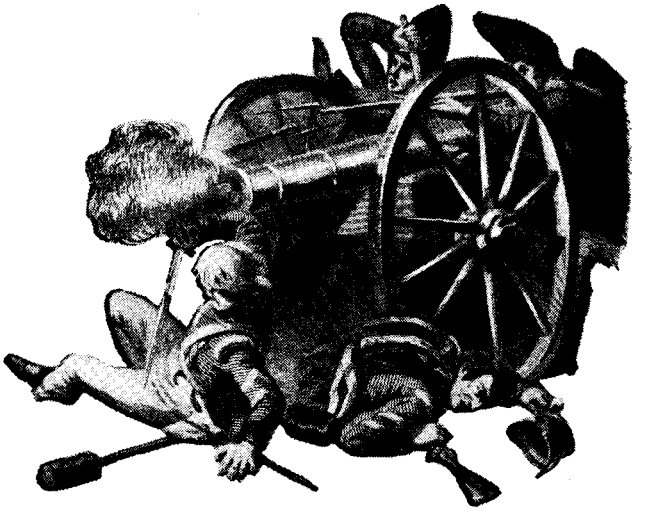

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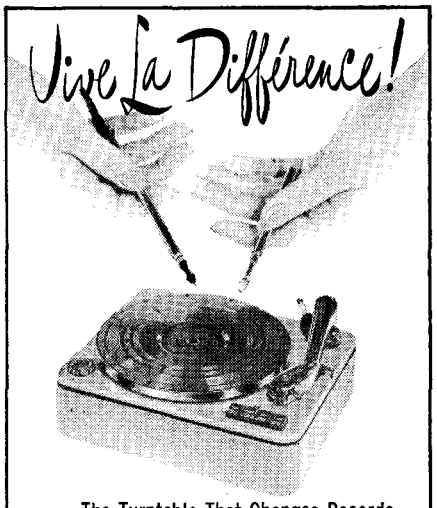

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Strauss

Continued from page 32

steadfastly declared Mother should not attend the performance. 'This is not a libretto for Mama!' he said, and he meant it."

Suddenly interrupting her reminiscences, she said: "But didn't you want to look at some of these pictures? This one shows Richard at the age of seven—and the one above it at the age of seventy. Over there is Professor Schmutzer's original etching of Richard, a present I received on my ninetieth birthday from my nephew and niece. Look here"—and she opened the middle drawer of her walnut chest—"This is the gold medallion mother used to wear, with this tiny photograph of Richard, about three-and-a-half years old, in it. I also had my brother's last photo, showing him on his death-bed, but I did not have the courage to keep it. After a single look I rewrapped it and handed it over to my son for safekeeping. He is also the guardian of thousands of postcards and letters that were exchanged between Richard and myself. He was a prolific correspondent who on a small card could give his candid impressions of, let us say, a visit to a foreign city and the artistic experiences he had. I myself have kept only these few boxes containing his communications with our parents, and again the reason why I do not keep the entire material on hand is that I don't want to be tempted some day to publish it. My son knows how to dispose of them after my death—I feel sure he will follow strictly my instructions.

"During the bitter postwar years I was offered high sums for these letters, but I refused to sell even one. Thank God, I had in my possession some valuable jewelry that could be disposed of with less heartache. During the evacuation of Munich my brother provided asylum for me at Garmisch for the short time, until it was possible for me to return home. I saw Richard last in Switzerland, where he lived after World War II, happy to enjoy freedom again and to be able to create new works. I did not have the mental courage to visit Garmisch again after he had passed away; although I am physically quite fit, I am afraid such a visit would upset me terribly—and I intend to stay around for a couple of more years—God willing—for my own family's and my grandchildren's sake."

Frau von Rauchenberger who, like her brother, was brought up in the "alt-katholisches" faith, told me that Strauss became a freethinker early in his life. "That's why he once said to a friend who asked him to write a mass: 'This is rather impossible for me . . .' "

My question as to who was Strauss's favorite composer Frau Rauchenberger answered at once: "Mozart! H grew up with Mozart—and he found his way back to Mozart in his late years. He often confessed to me: 'It is my greatest joy when I am allowed to conduct 'Cosi fan tutte.' Talking about conducting, I vividly recall a rather strange episode that occurred when he had his first operatic engagement in Munich. He led a work by Lortzing—which one it was I forget. Accompanied by a friend I sat in one of the front rows—and during the performance we noticed that Richard, for a couple of minutes, ceased conducting; his head was bent down, and we were afraid something was wrong with him. At the end of the evening my girl friend asked him: 'Didn't you feel well during the second act?' 'Oh no,' he replied, somewhat amazed, 'the only thing that did happen was that a new melody suddenly struck me. I kept memorizing it, the orchestra continued playing anyway by itself . . .' For a long time afterward I kept wondering about a conductor who during a performance experiences such an inspiration."

Which one of his own works dic he regard to be his best? " 'My best work is "Die Frau ohne Schatten," ' he used to tell me, and perhaps he was right. I myself love 'Don Juan,' 'Till Eulenspiegel,' and the concertos for horn and wind instruments, probably because I lived through and in the times of their creation.

"My father, as you may know, did not care a bit for Wagner's music. 'That old man Strauss,' Wagner once remarked, 'is a disgusting guy, but when he plays his horn you cannot bear a grudge against him!' Father played at the first 'Parsifal' performance at Bayreuth, but upon his stern insistence Mother was not permitted to be present."

Time flew. We had been sitting together for more than two hours, yet there was no sign that Frau Rauchenberger was tired or wanted me to leave.

"I have written a little manuscript, about forty pages long, containing all my *Jugenderinnerungen* (Youthful Memories). This I keep for posthumous use. Although not a literary work, it might some day be of interest to people familiar with the life and work of my brother. I do not want to become known as an author, for reasons I have already explained to you. It gave me great pleasure, though, when the Munich amateur orchestra, named 'Die wilde Gungl'—you know

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that's the one where Richard played as a youngster—came to visit me on my ninetieth birthday and surprised me with a rendition of his serenade for wind instruments, played downstairs in the garden.

"Suddenly, in my old age, I am getting quite popular with Munich theatregoers. Whenever I attend an opera performance strangers come to see and to shake hands with me, congratulating me for being Richard's sister. There are numerous Americans among them. Just a few weeks ago I heard a really wonderful performance of 'Capriccio' in the rebuilt Cuvilliés-Theater, and I was glad indeed I was accompanied by another lady living here with me. I was so overwhelmed that I would have stayed overnight in the Parkett, had I not had her help to get me out, and had I not been offered the assistance of an entirely strange American family who drove us home in their car.

AN ATTENDANT knocked at the door and upon Frau Rauchenberger's "Come in" brought her supper on a tray. I felt my time for bidding adieu to the old lady had come.

"Too bad you can't stay here for supper with me," she said cordially, "but I know you have to attend a performance tonight. Well, perhaps we'll see each other tomorrow at the Strauss Memorial Concert, which I never miss. Before you leave, however, I want to tell you just one more thing," she said holding my right hand.

"I consider it a great blessing to have lived what I should call a clean life. There were ups and downs, good days and bad ones. But I can say with a clean conscience that I, like Richard, have been 'my father's child' in character and righteousness. In looking back on my life I can say that no regrets or burdens weigh on my conscience. Perhaps it is this state of mind that gives me strength to carry on, and to hope for something from the future . . ."

I saw her again on the next evening, the ninth anniversary of Strauss's death [September, 1949], sitting in the pompously ornated Herkules-Saal, and listening, with eyes closed, to "Till," the "Four Last Songs," and "Zarathustra," "A concert I thoroughly enjoyed," she said to me afterwards, "and one which reminded me somehow of little Richard who, one day, asked for some music-paper on which he scribbled hastily: 'Papa is playing in Rossini's "William Tell" tonight,' and below that jotting down several bars of the overture. It seems like an eternity—but to me almost every day of our youth bears its own sweet memories . . ."

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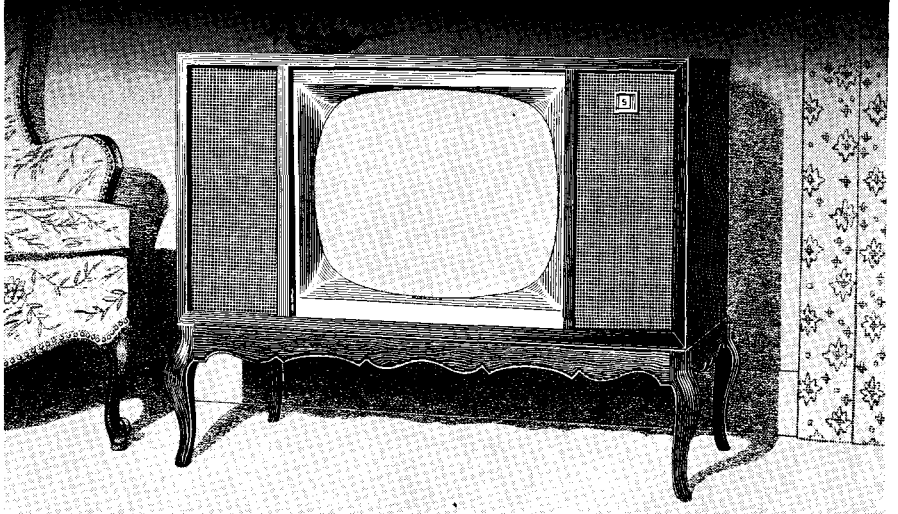

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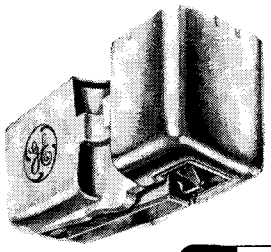

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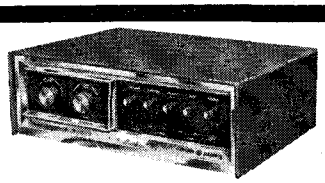

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There's Money in Jazz 78s (Some)

By ED SALZMAN

"This next item is perhaps the rarest record seen in this auction or in any other auction. This is the fabulous test or private recording on Sunset by Sonny Clay's California Puppies featuring the legendary New Orleans cornetist Ernest Coycault. Recording was made ca. 1922/3. Reverse side has an unknown blues singer with a great piano accompaniment.
". . . Minimum bid one hundred and fifty dollars ($150).
"258 Lou/Mama Likes to Do Sunset E—"

FROM the auction section of the current issue of a crudely printed bi-monthly record collectors' journal came the above notice, giving a sharp reply to a question asked by many a householder since the advent of the long-playing record. Yes, 78rpm discs are worth money, especially if they have been kept in good condition and originally were obtained by genuine collectors.

The Sonny Clay pressing on Sunset was offered by *Record Research* of Brooklyn, New York, one of two American auction magazines selling antique records to the jazz and popular music purist. The other is *Jazz Report Monthly*, published in Chicago by Robert G. Koester, who also operates a record company (Delmar) and retail disc shop.

More than 3,000 out-of-print records are listed alphabetically by artist in each Research auction, with minimum bid set at 50 cents. The $150 Sunset is number 258 on the current list and is in "excellent-minus" condition. In recent months, Report has offered Johnny Dodds's Vocalion "New Orleans Stomp" and "Weary Blues" in very good condition, $35 minimum; Cook's Dreamland Orchestra's Silvertone "Memphis Maybe Man" and "Scissor Grinder Joe" in E— condition, $25, and the New Orleans Rhythm Kings' Gennett "She's Crying for Me" and "Golden Leaf Strut" in E shape, $20.

Most highly prized 78s are jazz pressings which have never been reissued on slower speeds and probably never will. These antiques are stocked or traded in only a few shops throughout the country and are obtained primarily through the two magazines, both overgrown mimeograph sheets. Low fidelity recordings made by early New Orleans groups have great historical and cultural value, but long-playing reissues of most of them would be extremely risky financial ventures. Other pre-LP sessions will never be pressed again because originals in suitable condition cannot be found.

For listening quality, mint originals of these 78 classics are unsurpassed, although some 78 reissues made from initial masters are virtually as good. Long-playing discs of pre-high fidelity jazz are most commonly made from unplayed 78s and invariably pick up enough surface noise to disturb purist collectors.

Although the premium-priced 78s are predominantly early jazz works, the auctions list flocks of "bargain" items ranging from Judy Canova's "Smarty Pants" to the Vienna Boys' Choir's "Adeste Fidelis." The minimum frequently turns out to be the selling price with this grade of merchandise. Some of the auctions' best customers buy 78s exclusively because they are more interested in saving money than time and space. On special 25-cent minimum auctions, the thrifty collector can obtain the equivalent of a 12-inch Louis Armstrong LP for about $1.50 if he doesn't insist on superb condition.

Both auction magazines were born during the past three years and have taken up the vacuum created by the departure of the *Record Changer*, bible of the jazz purist for about fifteen years. But it wasn't failure of the 78 sales that caused the *Changer* to close shop; in fact, the final issue contained only an auction list. Richard Hadlock, editor of the magazine in its final months, reported that a drop in display advertising when record companies shifted to LP's was primarily responsible for the *Changer's* downfall.

Many of the same purists who supported the *Changer* during the last twenty years are now the mainstays behind the *Report* and *Research* efforts. While never knocking the LP, they maintain that the jazz collector must still rely in part on the 78 to build an extensive library. They point to Elmer "Slim" Noakes of St. Louis as a testimonial to the current high value of old discs. Noakes earns his living by digging up dusty jazz, sweet and hillbilly items from Midwest junk shops.

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THE OTHER SIDE

THE STEREO FRONT

LONDON.

STEREO has proceeded on its lop-sided course, with Decca once more setting a pace others find too hot to follow. What promised to be a steeplechase with all the major companies as entries is at present a one-horse race, EMI and other groups having apparently decided to let Britain's LP pioneers lead the way. How else can one account for EMI's current policy? Some of the discs announced in the group's first list, and scheduled for release three months ago, have not yet become available; the second release, intended for October, never became reality and has now been officially withdrawn, having been replaced by a considerably smaller December list. The latter features a few of the October discs, plus a Sargent recording of Holst's "Planets" and a ten-inch "Boutique Fantasque" conducted by Sir Eugene Goossens.

Much the same fate has overtaken the extensive DGG list publicised two months ago; only a very few of the records in question have so far reached this country and it may be some time before the remainder becomes available. Philips, on the other hand, has maintained a dignified silence on the whole subject, while Pye appears to have been frightened into inactivity by its own rashness over stereo. Not so Decca, which has tackled FFSS with a purpose and is producing new discs at a highly respectable rate. November was especially fruitful, giving us a splendidly varied assortment of "goodies" from the world of opera and ballet, as well as symphonic and chamber music. Already the average technical standard of these discs is noticeably higher than in Decca's first stereo release three months ago, though Flagstad's recital of what is termed "Great Sacred Songs" sounds disappointingly woolly and Act 3 of "Die Walküre" does not quite attain the standard which the superlative monaural version had led us to expect. But how superb, on the other hand, is the illusion of actuality created in "La Fanciulla del West," how exciting a feeling of space pervades the fine collection of tenor arias sung by Carlo Bergonzi and how gorgeously glowing are the orchestral colors in the Ansermet/Suisse Romande disc of the "Carmen" and "Arlésienne" Suites!

December has only added one other important work to Decca's growing stereo catalogue, a remake of "Madama Butterfly" with Renata Tebaldi and conducted on this occasion by no less a maestro than Tullio Serafin. Here, as in "La Fanciulla," we are immediately struck by the splendour and spaciousness of the recorded sound. Tebaldi's voice has undoubtedly coarsened since she last recorded Butterfly for Decca and the fundamentally beefy sounds she produces are hardly in accord with our musical image of this frail Puccini heroine, yet she brings to the music much fine singing, a wide range of tonal shadings and many subtleties of phrasing and expression. Serafin, needless to say, is a tower of strength and Bergonzi, though sounding somewhat small-voiced next to the lusty Renata, contributes a stylish Pinkerton.

ARGO'S latest issue is sure to be heard this Christmas in stereo-equipped homes where there are children. It is a two disc set of "Alice in Wonderland," produced by Douglas Cleverdon, one of the BBC's most experienced sound-drama specialists. Some years ago HMV produced a star-studded SP set of this classic in which the familiar voices and mannerisms of the famous theatrical personalities involved tended to obscure the real characters in Lewis Carroll's fantasy, but Argo has not made any such mistake and, by relying in the main on a team of highly versatile radio actors from the BBC Drama Department, has given us an "Alice" of real character and integrity. Jane Asher, a twelve-year-old, was chosen for the title-role after a long series of auditions, and she proves a delightfully natural Victorian young miss. Margaretta Scott is the sympathetic narrator and there are splendid contributions from Ian Wallace (Mock Turtle), Norman Shelley (Gryphon), Derek Guyler (Cheshire Cat), Carleton Hobbs (Mad Hatter) and Vivienne Chatterton, whose Baby is a real tour de force. Does stereo add much to our enjoyment in a project of this kind? Not a great deal, I think, because the artists involved, being sound-radio specialists, are used to achieving absolute clarity in a monaural medium. Nevertheless, the spatial effects are great fun, while the blessed absence of background music is another commendable feature of this fine issue. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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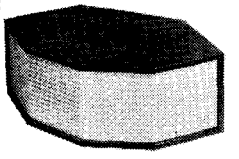

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Price (130M in mahogany)..... $184.00

Sherwood

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36-Watt Amplifier

This all new amplifier is designed to bring the maximum pleasure to music lovers—a greater joy to the hi-fi expert. Controls are simple, easy-to-handle, yet complete—include 6 db. presence-rise switch, equalizer control for four record compensation choices or microphone and tape-playback equalization. For stereo, combine the S-1000 II with Sherwood's new S-4000, a 20-watt amplifier that includes all the necessary controls for stereo operation.

S-1000 IIB, black flextone case..... $114.50

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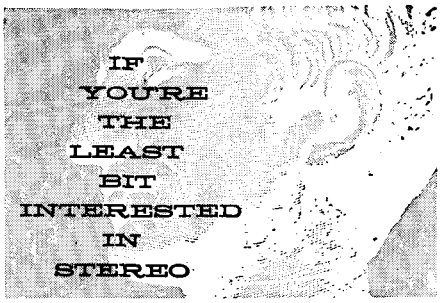

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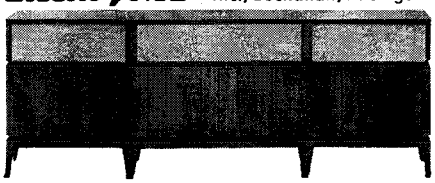
Whether you're starting from scratch or converting to stereo now, you will be interested in this complimentary twenty-page booklet. Just write Dept. SS-A, Electro-Voice® Inc., Buchanan, Michigan.



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HI-FI SPEAKERS
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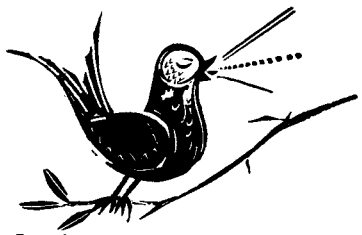

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

KUDOS FOR FELIX?

NEXT YEAR marks the 150th Anniversary of the birth of Felix Mendelssohn (February 3, 1809). I have so far not heard of any special festivals or concerts commemorating this event. Have you?

L. M. SYMMES, JR.

Mill Valley, Calif.

CONCERNING KLIPSCH

AS A USER of Klipsch speakers for stereo reproduction, and as one who is somewhat versed in the Klipsch approach to sound reproduction in general, I would like to point out an error in Norman Eisenberg's article (*SR* Oct. 25). The Klipsch non-corner unit was definitely *not* conceived as an along-the-wall stereo second channel for an already existent corner speaker. The unit's sole function is as a center speaker in a three-channel array with two flanking corner systems.

Preferences in stereo speaker placement seem to be too much a matter of personal acclimation. Perhaps bias would be a more accurate word to use here. At any rate there are many theories and philosophies connected with stereo speaker design and placement; and strangely enough each proponent is able to produce impartial scientific evidence favoring his particular approach. The popular journals abound with this kind of writing. But Mr. Klipsch's philosophy is unique in at least two respects. First of all, it begins at the very foundation of the stereo art—microphone placement—and works its way up through the two-track three-channel speaker configuration. The idea which is paramount through all of this is the preservation of the original musical geometry—the spatial sense which is so often lost in closer speaker placement. In addition, Mr. Klipsch's approach is not curbed by economic considerations. In its fullest form it is expensive, almost frightfully so. Consequently it will never appeal to the mass pocket-book. And because it comprises a formidable array of three individual units instead of one piece of low-boy furniture with speakers in eac' end, it will probably never appeal to th mass esthetic.

JOHN EARGLE.

Austin, Tex.

STEREO SPEAKERS

MY INTENT was neither to praise nor damn specific models, but rather to report on a trend and to suggest some of the pros and cons that have been advanced. With regard to the "add-on" speakers specifically, I raised some valid questions that represent a verbalization of doubts and wondering shared by a significant number of enthusiasts. Patently, the aim of raising such questions is not to hand down an ironclad verdict but rather to stimulate further discussion and clarification. Presumably, we all are interested in the same goal; it would take a truly omniscient man to be able to assert that he alone has the inside track to that goal. Time and editorial space permitting, I may in the future attempt to probe more deeply into specific models.

NORMAN EISENBERG.

Hartsdale, N. Y.

WITH OR WITHOUT

IN RESPONSE to William R. Rawls, Jr.'s limerick which *SR* headed "Rhyme Without Reason," may I suggest Mr. Bing's "Reason in Rhyme"?

To Callas said Director R. Bing
As he cancelled her contract to sing,
"It's not how you act,
But your gauche lack of tact
Which brought to a head this whole thing."

R. W. HAYS.

Manhattan, Kan.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1292

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Unprincipled person; scoundrel.	161 163 172 113 6 63 1 107 99
B. Serpent worship; use of serpents as magical agencies.	30 98 66 10 150 123
C. Window shades.	137 96 80 206 3 75
D. Gave out.	36 128 13 141 72 170 60
E. Uncooked state.	56 20 188 81 50 95 134
F. Habitual silence.	197 23 29 21 145 55 143 155 205 111 65
G. Swastikas.	116 38 146 201 88 4 196
H. The Mohammedan month of fasting.	33 153 87 185 102 142 22
I. Expand; strain, esp. beyond a limit.	159 89 190 200 186 31 42 180 18 9
J. Rotation of the hand so that the palm is turned up; also, lying on the back	15 160 26 147 52 151 47 144 138 167
K. Correct procedure (3 wds.).	39 19 118 194 164 8 108 149 62 124 53
L. Constable or bailiff.	157 73 28 183 91 119 76 148
M. In economics, the power to give satisfaction.	97 35 117 41 165 93 37 58 12 135
N. A personal history.	92 46 61 139 54 207 189 199
O. In China, official residences of mandarin or tuchun, etc.	130 100 85 121 94 114
P. The part of the horizon where the sun last appears at end of day.	115 176 192 51 25 203 101 74
Q. Unwholesome.	7 90 127 16 64 103 79 132 158
R. That which is dirty, foul, obscene.	84 112 71 106 195 32 174 68 140
S. A ham or flitch of bacon salted, dried.	168 43 173 198 34 122
T. Subject of the thought that drove the centipede to madness (2 wds., followed by "goes after which?").	57 169 48 177 193 204 109 82
U. Johnson novel whose subtitle is "The Prince of Abissinia."	40 175 105 110 202 69 45 156
V. An inequality of the moon's motion in its orbit, caused by sun's attraction.	178 120 187 44 131 154 83 59
W. The place names of a region or a language.	182 70 179 77 14 86 136 125
X. Sign of devilish character (2 wds.).	162 171 27 49 133 11 191 78 104 184
Y. A citizen of Halifax.	5 129 17 181 152 126 2 166 67 24

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 A	2 Y	3 C		4 G	5 Y	6 A	7 Q	8 K	9 I		10 B	11 X		12 M	13 D	14 W
15 J	16 Q	17 Y		18 I	19 K	20 E	21 F	22 H		23 F	24 Y	25 P		26 J	27 X	28 L
29 F	30 B	31 I	32 R		33 H	34 S	35 M	36 D		37 M	38 G		39 K	40 U	41 M	42 I
	43 S		44 V	45 U	46 N	47 J	48 T	49 X	50 E		51 P	52 J		53 K	54 N	55 F
56 E		57 T	58 M	59 V	60 D	61 N	62 K		63 A	64 Q	65 F		66 B	67 Y	68 R	
69 U	70 W	71 R	72 D		73 L	74 P	75 C		76 L	77 W	78 X	79 Q	80 C	81 E	82 T	
83 V	84 R		85 O	86 W		87 H	88 G	89 I	90 Q	91 L	92 N	93 M	94 O		95 E	96 C
97 M	98 B	99 A		100 O	101 P	102 H		103 Q	104 X	105 U	106 R		107 A	108 K	109 T	
110 U	111 F	112 R	113 A	114 O		115 P	116 G		117 M	118 K	119 L	120 V	121 O	122 S		123 B
124 K	125 W		126 Y	127 Q		128 D	129 Y	130 O		131 V	132 Q	133 X		134 E	135 M	136 W
137 C	138 J	139 N		140 R	141 D	142 H	143 F		144 J	145 F		146 G	147 J	148 L	149 K	150 B
	151 J	152 Y	153 H	154 V	155 F	156 U	157 L		158 Q	159 I	160 J	161 A		162 X	163 A	164 K
165 M	166 Y	167 J	168 S		169 T	170 D	171 X	172 A		173 S	174 R		175 U	176 P	177 T	178 V
179 W	180 I		181 Y	182 W	183 L		184 X	185 H	186 I	187 V		188 E	189 N	190 I	191 X	
192 P	193 T	194 K	195 R	196 G	197 F	198 S	199 N	200 I		201 G	202 U	203 P	204 T	205 F	206 C	207 N

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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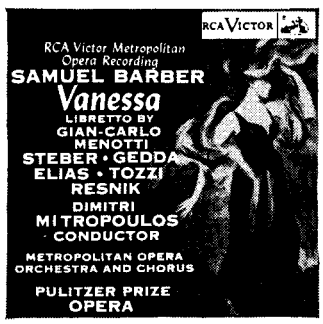

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